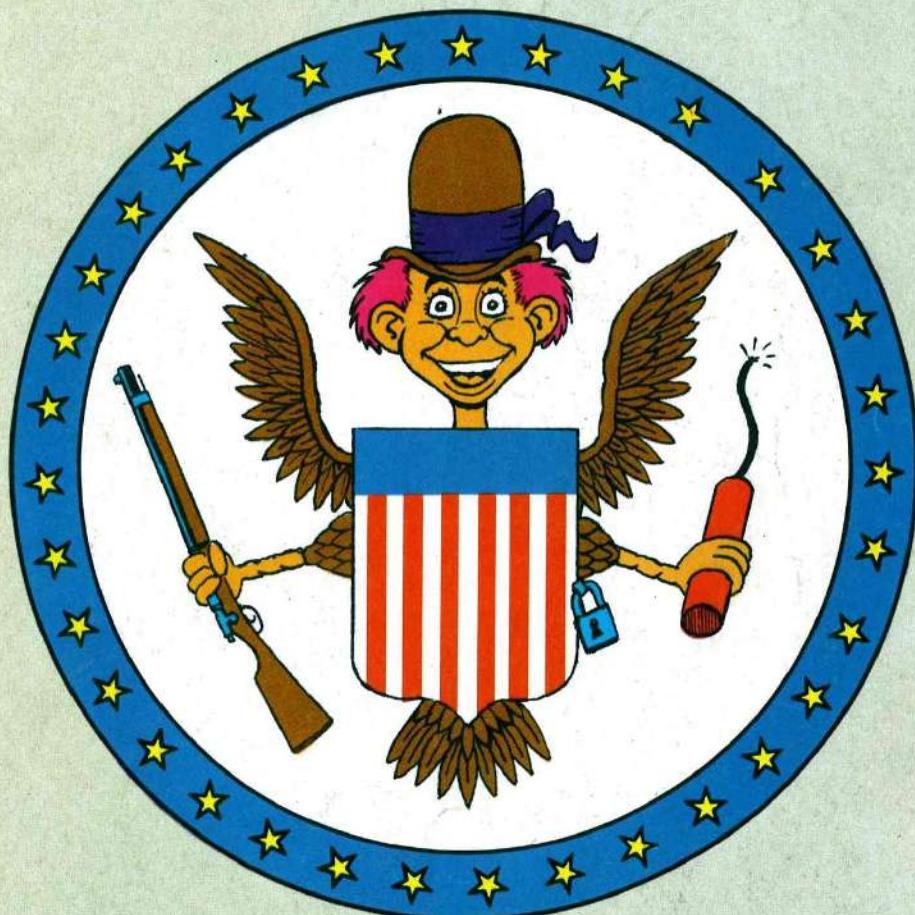


# THE SECRET **SICK** PAPERS

mac  
**40¢**

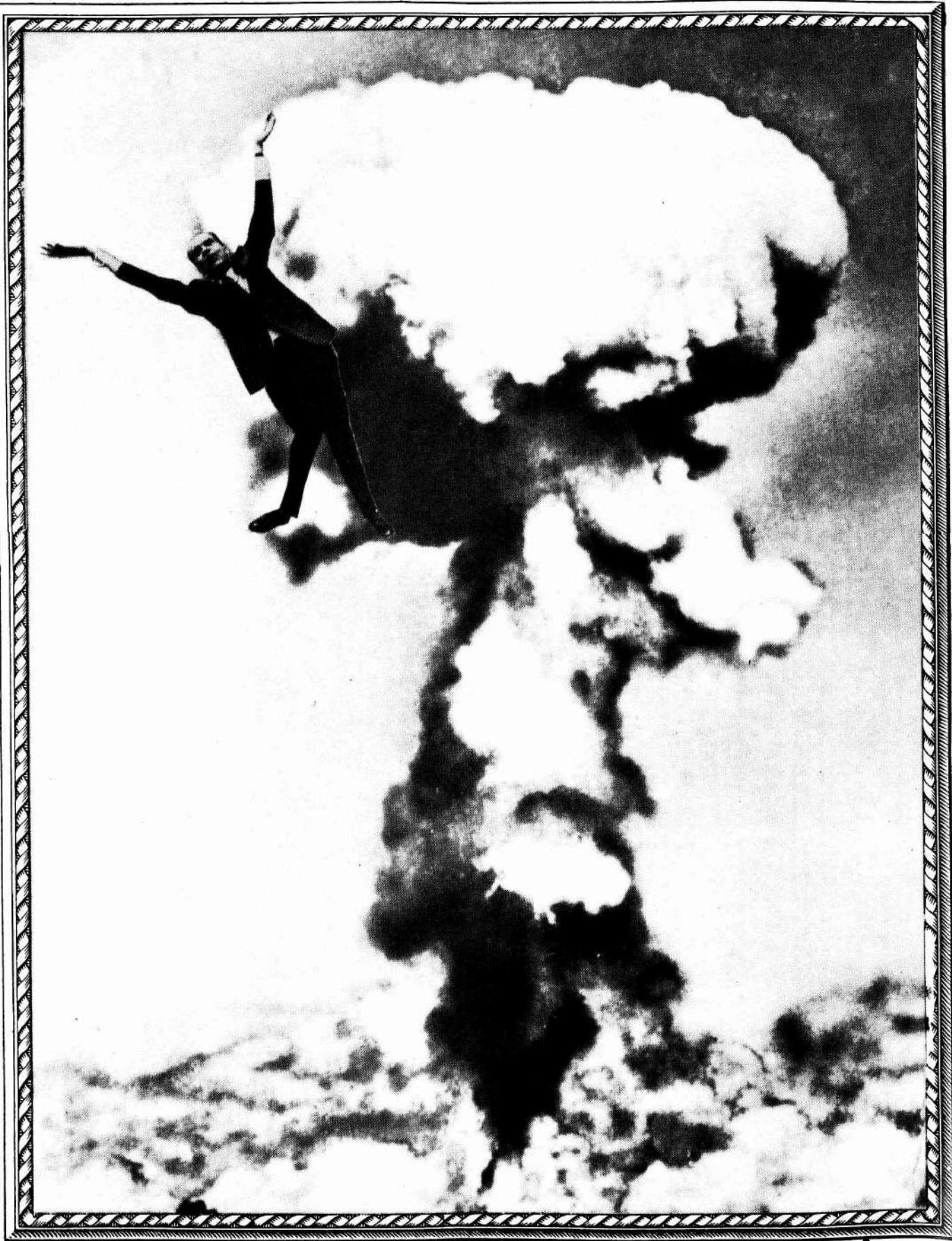
February 1972

Number 88



FIRST TIME PUBLISHED  
ANYWHERE!

## A SICK PORTRAIT:



# FIRST CIVILIAN INTO SPACE!

# SICK

No. 88

February 1972

Volume 12 Number 1

"Remember...you're never alone with schizophrenia!"

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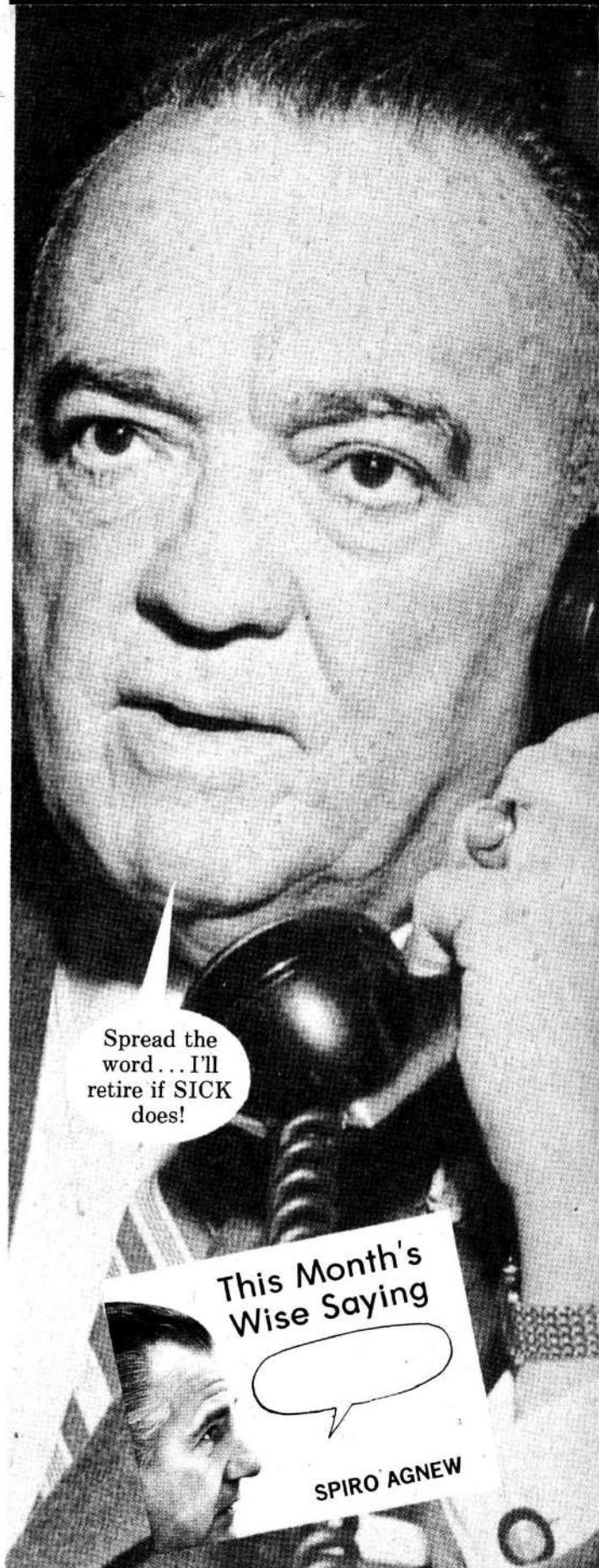
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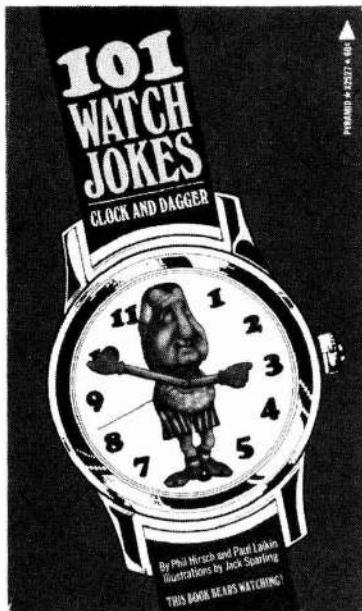
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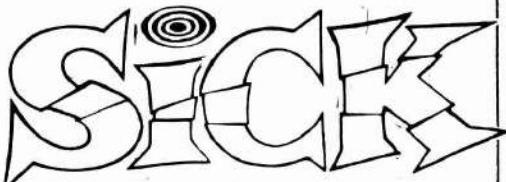
This Month's  
Wise Saying

SPIRO AGNEW

**AMERICA'S HOTTEST  
NEW PAPERBACK!**  
(it's printed on parchment)

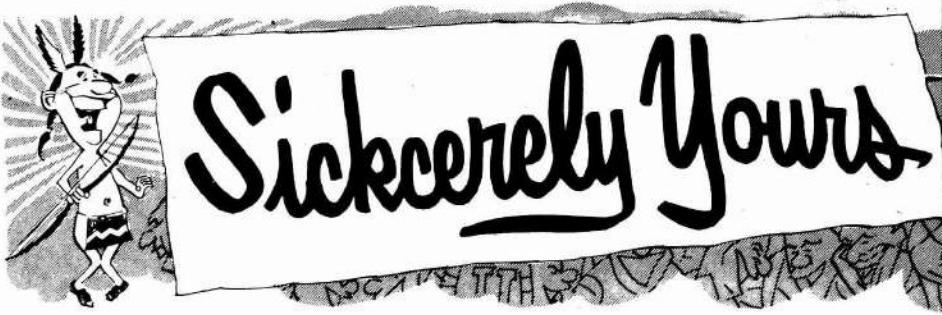


**THE BRAND-NEW  
PAPERBACK BY THE  
EDITORS OF**



Yes, this book bears watching. That's because it's ahead of its time. Chock full of celebrity bits and pieces, it's destined to sell out quickly. In fact, book-dealers are already calling it the biggest sellout in history! So get your copy today—before time runs out for both of us!

**ON SALE  
NOW!**



This letter is in regard to your SICK Annual 1971. In it was an article called "Headlines From Madison Avenue" and one of the items involved an Avon Lady who disappeared into a house. I belong to a non-profit Avon Collector's Club and each month a bulletin is sent to our some 150 members with info on Avon's notes on the meetings, etc. I was wondering if we could gain permission to reprint the "Avon" part of the article in our bulletin. We thought it was very amusing since it concerned our hobby.

RANDY RUSH  
TACOMA, WASH.

That "Sick Book of Etiquette For Slobs" was great. I know a lot of people who could use it. Congratulations to Joe Catalano and Tony Tallarice.

ADAM KNEE  
HEMPSTEAD, N.Y.

I want you to know that I'm trying out your ideas on "How To Break The TV Habit" on my children who, I'm sorry to say, are hopelessly hooked. If it works out I'll be eternally grateful to you.

MRS. R.F. GREENE  
EUSTICE, OHIO

"How To Break The TV Habit" was a classic. Keep up the good work!

RALPH SWETLEY  
MACON, GA.

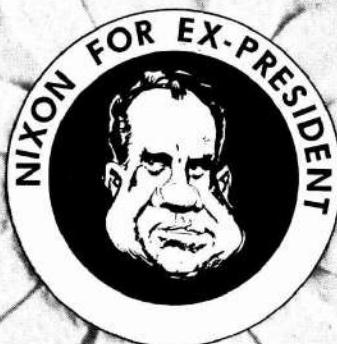
ED. NOTE: What? And make a habit of it?

You're right. We should elect Mickey Mouse our President. This country could use a real rat in the White House!

MARVIN SWOPE, JR.  
DULUTH, MINN.

ED. NOTE: What's the matter with the one we got now?

**BUTTON OF THE MONTH:**





Enjoyed the article in SICK #85 about a newspaper. My official title is Reporter and Feature Writer, but I also do all those other things you mentioned in your article...

RUSS VERNON  
TOMPKINSVILLE, KY.  
ED. NOTE: So how do you find time to write letters to the editor?

Don't tell me you're going to run those Sick As It Seems things each and every issue?

TOM HANKINS  
DARIEN, CONN.  
ED. NOTE: O.K., we won't tell you...you'll have to find out for yourself!

Enjoyed your article on "Other Gambling Games For New York City." Believe me, you're not kidding. The City could use some of that betting loot. We haven't made it legitimately so it's about time we turned to other means!

JOHN A. VERTUCCI  
NEW YORK CITY

Those Help Wanted Ads From The Pages of History were superb. Real crazy. Where do you guys get your ideas?

BOBBY GLEAN, JR.  
ROANOKE, VA.  
ED. NOTE: From out of our minds.

I clipped your free Sick Coupons and tried to cash them in at the local supermarket. The man wouldn't accept them. He just laughed at me. What do you think of that?

MARK LEEDS  
BIXBY, ILL.  
ED. NOTE: Funny, he was supposed to laugh at the coupons.

I always get a kick out of your movie reviews but this time you really outdid yourself. The Wild Rovers was a gem. One of the funniest things I've read!

ELAINE GOLDBLATT  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Specialized Sunglasses was by far the best piece of humor you've done recently. You might even call it shades of brilliance!

SHERWOOD JAMES  
ONTARIO, CANADA

ED. NOTE: Why didn't you submit that title before we ran the piece?

Fred Wolfe really hit it big last issue with two superb poem parodies. Ode To Inflation was great but that Homer's Iliad takeoff was pure genius.

MARY ANN SELBY  
TULSA, OKLA.

Wires  
Dated February 18, 1938  
Reed 12:30 p.m.  
  
Secretary of State,  
Washington.  
  
Bush.  
  
By telegram February 18, 9 p.m.  
"Schindler, a large dinner given by Schmidt with  
Chancellor Schleicher and his diplomatic corps, was most oppressive. To French Minister  
and Italian Minister, who were present as the most terrible  
day of his life, he said: 'What Hitler demands, he  
will get. He has to complete control of Germany. Hitler openly told him  
that he would not let him leave Germany. He must go to  
Australia with such greater speed and infinitely less danger than  
he incurred in re-mobilization of the Rhineland. Schindler admits  
that he will make it in order to avert the "scars". In respect of Italy,  
Schindler declared that he can count only on moral not material  
support.'  
  
Schindler is attempting to make best of bad situation and  
is in bitter despair and states clearly that there is nothing left for  
him to do but to leave Foreign Office.  
  
Bush says he was informed of Reichstag  
meeting only on the eleven-th and denied that Italy took any  
initiative in the matter. In telegraphed full information to  
London, Berlin, Paris, Rome, Moscow, and Washington to inst  
night. Bush adds information that his messages had reached the  
use. Total Duran was given previous warning.  
  
Total Duran gave information as good Catholic  
but fearing reprisals that it is beginning of revolution, he says that  
this is the most critical moment since July 1934. This is not the end.  
It is the moment before the end. In his opinion, Austria can only  
be saved by immediate recognition of Hitler's demands. Italy  
and France joint acts. Underscoring nature of key constitution  
made by Hitler, Duran says:  
"In my opinion, Hitler is a most unfortunate and  
naive. If Germany would in legal his appointment would not be a  
success. But Hitler is not a statesman. He is a madman. He probably  
plans a gradual dismemberment and any unopposed efforts  
of Schindler may save to make another Germany even at best  
only a part of Germany."  
  
Repeated by telegraph to Paris, London, Berlin and Rome.

## THE SECRET SICK PAPERS

see page 16

Headlines To Great Art was fresh, original and the finest piece of satire I've seen in a long time...

ARTIE PHILIPS  
CHICAGO, ILL.

ED. NOTE: Where have you looked?

Man, like, last time out you really freaked out! I mean, like, having a naked picture of Adolf Hitler in your centerfold. Where do you expect people to hang that?

JIMMY JUSTIN  
PHILA., PA.

ED. NOTE: From scotch tape in the back!

**Nothing makes a man**

**more masculine**

**to**

**a**

**woman...**

**...Than an earthy  
odor! Start smelling  
like a man! No  
sissy aroma here.  
Blended from the  
finest extracts of  
rare portuguese  
sea-weed. Sprinkle  
liberally under  
arm-pits. The  
exhilarating odor  
will haunt you  
forever!**



**FOR THAT VIRILE SMELL...**

# L'AIMAN (THE MAGGOT)

by  
**CUTY**



**\$3.50 PLUS MASK**

**CUTY SALOON NEW YORK CITY  
CUTY . . . THE ESSENCE OF BEAUTY  
THAT IS PITTSBURGH**

# SICK LOOKS AT THE 1972 PRESIDEN

"I used to be one of the Supremes!" — Abe Fortas

Script by DAVID MALEH

## TRICKY DICKY

Has the best starting position so is the early favorite. Can act up however, especially under pressure. Clever maneuvering in the final stretch of the race though, may help this veteran's chances. Runs best straight down the middle on a mud-slinging trail.

## ROCKY RICHES

Tough old workhorse from the rich stables of Argentina and New York, has beaten classy performers before but may now be over the hill. A heavy favorite with the fans, always has loads of money riding on it. Could finish first if runs just right of center.

## RONNIE RAVISHING

Used to act up a lot but is still popular with the crowd. A tenderfoot from the California stables, boasts of light soft shoe. Usually does better at night under a spotlight. Has one peculiar quirk however. Always seems to run on the far right.

## JOHNNY SWITCHER

This fresh-looking steed is a winner in the good looks department and women seem to go wild. May need a little more seasoning though, before moving up. Recently switched from right to left on the post line, a move regarded by others as jockeying for position.



TRICKY  
DICKY

ROCKY  
RICHES

RONNIE  
RAVISHING

JOHNNY  
SWITCHER

# FESTIVAL HORSE RACE



**HUBIE  
BOOBIE**

**MISTER  
ED**

**GORGEOUS  
GEORGE**

**TEDDY  
READY**

Art by LUGOZE

## **HUBIE BOOBIE**

Sired on the LBJ Ranch, this slow-moving veteran is looking better lately. Usually gives dull, uninspired performance but never seems to quit. Great stamina, can go on for hours on end. Overlook past performance when you bet on this one. Comes through when chips are down.

## **MISTER ED**

A big, lumbering easy-moving powerhouse, has shown plenty of class. Appears to have stamina but tends to tire after long exposure. Could be potential blockbuster if timing is right. From the north country, ran second four years ago but made impressive showing.

## **GORGEOUS GEORGE**

Primarily a country horse, has been running long and hard recently. Should be well conditioned for the finals. A favorite with youthful fans, has a temperate, peaceful style. Lack of exposure could hurt chances for winning. Don't discount however, could be real dark horse.

## **TEDDY READY**

A promising colt, but allergic to water and loses direction easily. This could hurt any chance in the big race. From a long line of recent champions plagued by bad luck, will probably start slow then give out with strong final push. Great possibility for long-shot players.



Years ago almost all stand-up comics  
logists are an accepted part of the  
the way and have...

# STAND-UP FROM OTHER MIN

## THE AMERICAN INDIAN COMIC

Me no get no respect... many moon ago, squaw tell me take out garbage. She no mean trash can. She mean my belongings inside tepee. Me tell you... not easy being redskin these days. Sunburn ointment never work. (PAUSE) That joke, white man. You laughum or me scalpum. Remember what we do-um to Custer! Anyway, me tired. You think it easy standing all day in front of cigar store? Better than posing all time for face on nickel. Me only kidding. Me no have to do this for living. Me know Jane Fonda. Besides, me got other job. Me teach Indians when they jump from plane to yell "Paratrooper!" (PAUSE) That another joke, white man. Better laughum or me do big rain dance right here on stage. Oh, oh...me go now. Me see John Wayne in audience. Him carrying sign saying "Better Dead Than Red!"

Art by JACK SPARLING

"You gotta give the devil his due!" —Mrs. Lucifer

were white. Today, black mono-nightclub scene. So why not go all

# COMICS ORITY GROUPS

Script by ALAN HEWETSON

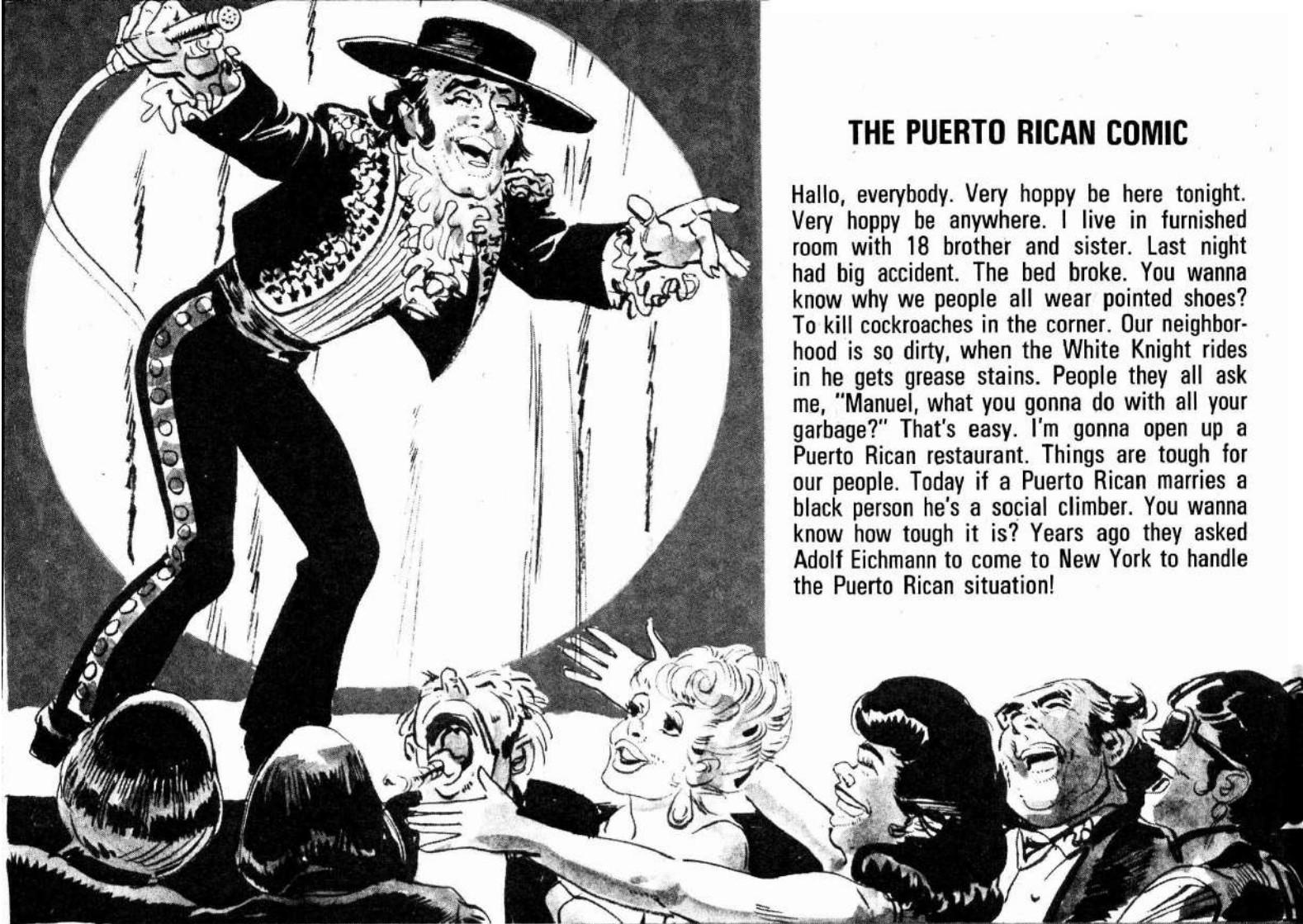
## THE CHINESE-AMERICAN COMIC

Good evening, honorable lady and gentleman. Funny thing happen on way to work here. Honorable mugger point gun at me and say: "Give me all your money...to take out!" This tough business for honorable son like me. Get coolie wages and not Chinaman's chance to be big star. That is why I keep honorable day job. Work in Chinese Hand Laundry. And it is not easy...laundering Chinese hands all day. You think black man and red man have trouble? Yellow man got real problem. Take honorable brother-in-law...please. He yellow and very fat. Every time he cross the street, people yell at him "Taxi!" Hard to understand you white people. All look alike. And all ask me same question: "Should we admit Red China in U.N.?" Honorable answer is no. If we admit them, an hour later they will only want to be admitted again!



## THE PUERTO RICAN COMIC

Hallo, everybody. Very hoppy be here tonight. Very hoppy be anywhere. I live in furnished room with 18 brother and sister. Last night had big accident. The bed broke. You wanna know why we people all wear pointed shoes? To kill cockroaches in the corner. Our neighborhood is so dirty, when the White Knight rides in he gets grease stains. People they all ask me, "Manuel, what you gonna do with all your garbage?" That's easy. I'm gonna open up a Puerto Rican restaurant. Things are tough for our people. Today if a Puerto Rican marries a black person he's a social climber. You wanna know how tough it is? Years ago they asked Adolf Eichmann to come to New York to handle the Puerto Rican situation!



## THE POLISH-AMERICAN COMIC

Good evening, ladies and...er...um...ladies and...oh, forget it! This is Mikos Cockamamowski, your Polish emcee. A funny thing happened to me on the way here. I...uh...er um...I mean, I...I forgot it. Never mind. Anyway, I'm happy to be here at the...um...er...the...whatever this place is called. While standing outside, a man came up to me and said...er um...he said...uh...I forgot what he said, but anyway I said...um er...I said...uh...oh, never mind, it probably wasn't too funny anyway. Let me tell you about my dressing room. It's so small that...um er...so small that...I forgot how small it is. And so, in closing, I'd like to leave you with two words:...er um...er um...THAT'S IT! Those are the two words: ER UM!!



# THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR MODERN TIMES

as handed down by ART PAUL



- Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, unless thou pay a small covet charge.
- Thou shalt not commit adultery, nor even infancy.
- Thou shalt not play thy radio loud at night, except if thou lives in a Latin neighborhood.
- Thou shalt not throw litter out the window, but carry it down and throw it into the street.
- Thou shalt not use any four-letter words, unless writing a Broadway play.
- Thou shalt not borrow from Peter to pay Paul, unless thou borrowed from Paul to pay Peter in the first place.
- Thou shalt not tell lies, unless thou write TV advertising copy.
- Thou shalt not steal, unless thou have a good lawyer.
- Thou shalt not be jealous of anybody, except maybe the husband of Raquel Welch.
- Thou shalt not take graft or be corrupt. On the other hand, this does not mean thou shouldn't enter politics either.

This being the holiday season, we're going to see a lot of Santa Claus. And there's certainly a lot of Santa Claus to see. Except in one place however. Inside his pockets. We know of no one who has ever seen what he carries in them. No one except our snoopy staff reporter Rowna Cox, that is. And so, as another SICK exclusive, we now give you ...

# A Peek in S

Statement

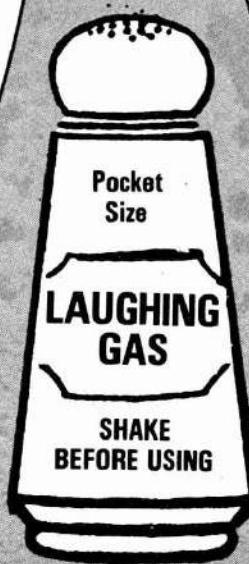
**CLYDE FARMS**

TO:	S. Claus - No. Pole	\$4320.
803	Sales of hay	

due and payable  
January 1

## RAID HIPPIE COMMUNE AT NORTH POLE

Early yesterday police raided what they described as a hippie commune at the North Pole. An undisclosed number of individuals with pointed ears and dressed in colorful green outfits were found living together in a massive room jumbled with toys and an assortment of valuable items. Their leader, a white-haired bearded heavy-set guru, who carried a bag stuffed with gifts, was himself dressed oddly—in a red velvet suit trimmed in fur, with long black boots. All are being held for questioning, and the merchandise is being checked against the stolen property lists.



**VIOLATIONS**

11431 Counts of buzzizing in unauthorized areas  
836972 Counts of damaging TV antennas  
639 Counts of polluting the airways  
Yearly fine for: speed limit said aircraft  
overloading said aircraft  
disturbing the peace

**DRIVING-FLYING LICENSE**

NAME: K. Kringle  
ADDRESS: North Pole  
TYPE OF VEHICLE: You'd never believe it  
WEIGHT: over  
HEIGHT: average  
AGE: don't ask

Dearest —  
Remember to pick up a  
copy of the new  
Diet Book  
Never fail — maybe it  
will work!  
Your loving wife

"It's not easy growing old gracefully . . ." — Methuselah

# Santa's Pockets

as viewed by  
ROWENA COX



## PREScription

NAME S. Claus  
Double Strength Tranquillizers  
Take as needed  
Once or twice a day  
Prescribing Physician

COOL CLEANERS  
12 Glacier Street  
North Pole

Name S. Claus  
2pc red velvet suit  
1 cap

Special  
Instructions:  
remove soot  
stains and  
repair burns  
in fabric

\$ 5.50

Dec. 1, 1971  
TO: S. Claus  
FROM: North Pole Staff

Dear Boss:

This is to inform you that we, the undersigned elves, are now unionized (Local #25) and are sending our representatives to negotiate a new working contract with you.

(Local #25) and are sending our representatives to negotiate a new working contract with you.

Jackson  
Pawley  
William  
Dr. Wm.  
McAllister  
Chandley  
Samuel

Tifford  
Mollie  
Peter  
Jeslyn  
Dolly D...  
Capt. John  
H. J.

SPECIAL POLLUTED ARTICLE:

Since so many people are polluting our environment it stands to reason that there must be a percentage of them who just like to do it. A percentage who just don't give a darn about our environment. Some may just hate to look at natural beauty. Others may simply want to bug the establishment. Still others may be just plain nasty. Whoever these people are, we feel they should have a right to be heard; a right to their say; a right to express their particular viewpoint. And so SICK has come up with a campaign designed for these people. A campaign that will feature . . .

# ADS FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE POLLUTION

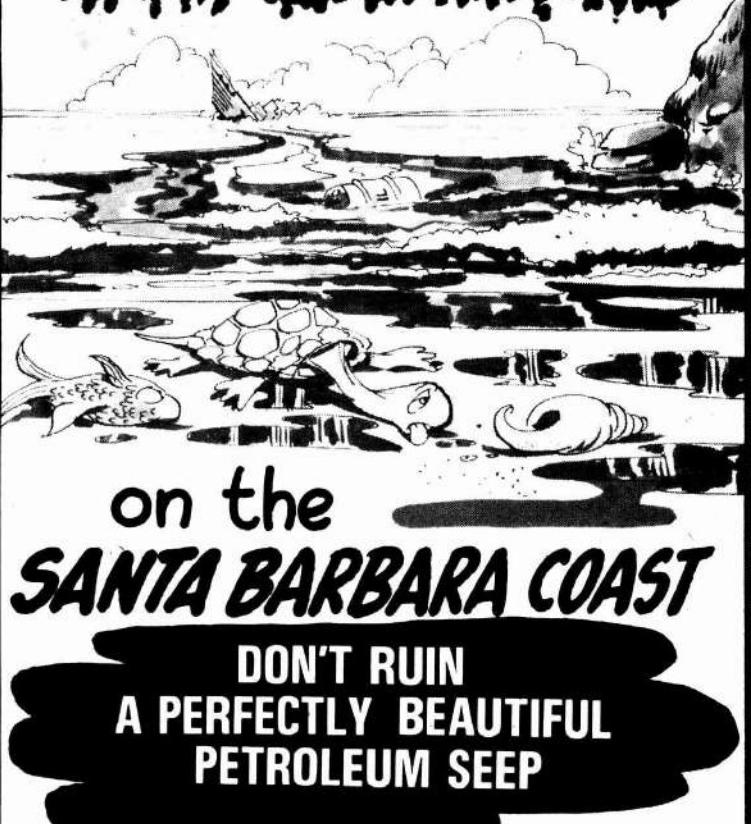
conceived by  
HOWARD TAYLOR

executed by  
JOHN COSTANZA

mutilated by  
OUR PRODUCTION DEPT.

"Superfragilesticexpiallicdodocious!" —Efrim Zimbalist, Jr.

## SAVE OUR OIL SLICKS



on the  
**SANTA BARBARA COAST**

**DON'T RUIN  
A PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL  
PETROLEUM SEEP**

## DO AWAY WITH CLUTTERING LITTER BASKETS



**and UGLY GARBAGE CANS**

**DO NOT TAKE AWAY FROM THE NATURALNESS  
VIEWING OF MAN'S WASTE**

**KEEP UNSIGHTLY  
TREES AWAY**



**FROM AMERICA'S  
BILLBOARDS**

*LET THE WORDS OF OUR NATION  
SHOW THRU THE WILDS  
OF OUR NATURE*

**INDUSTRIALIZE  
THE AIR**



**with modern  
auto FUMES**

**FILL THE  
EMPTINESS OF SPACE WITH  
THE USEFULNESS OF FUEL**

**ELIMINATE THE  
NOISE OF BIRDS**



**AND OTHER IRRITANTS  
HELP IN THE FIGHT  
AGAINST THE HARSH  
SOUNDS IN OUR FORESTS**

**turn  
NATIONAL PARKS**



**into  
AMUSEMENT PARKS**

**WHY JUST LOOK AT SCENERY  
WHEN YOU CAN BE PART OF IT?**



# SECRET PAPERS

THESE DOCUMENTS WERE LEAKED BY FRED WOLFE, PhD. (Phony Doctor)

THEY HAD TO BE KEPT IN THE ORIGINAL MICROFILM!

"You gotta draw the line somewhere." —Pablo Picasso



*Travel tours today are becoming more and more specialized. They now have world tours catering to all different types of people, from weight-watchers and bird-lovers to golf-widows and crossword puzzle-addicts. All these tours however, have one thing in common. They're all designed to please the traveler—to cater to his needs—to make his trip a happy one. This is fine, but it lets out one special type of person—the masochist. What about his needs? His desires? His pocketbook? And so SICK now proposes...*

by  
MARGARET BENNETT

(Illustrated by  
Arnoldo Franchioni)



From ALICE IN WOMANLAND or THE FEMININE MISTAKE by Margaret Bennett. Copyright © 1967 by June Biermann and Barbara Toohey. Published by Prentice-Hall Inc.

# A TRAVEL GUIDE FOR MASOCHISTS

## MALAISE TOURS

*"Around The World In Eighty Daze"*

**F**ever, nausea, infection, fractures, cramps... barrels of physical discomfort and mental anguish galore await you only an ocean away. Suffer, suffer is the order of the day on each Malaise all-inclusive, all-infirmity tour. One price covers everything: three hospital meals a day—some even intravenous feedings!—anesthetics, oxygen tents, splints, bandages, and, of course, special injections and medications to your individual requirements.

With Malaise Tours the fun begins even before you leave home when that first needle pierces your arm or buttock as you begin your extensive series of shots that have been carefully planned to give you a sneak preview of the chills, fever, and all-pervading feelings of ill-being that lie ahead.

Then it's "All Aboard" for a turbulent jet trip during which you and the congenial members of your tour group join in the festive camaraderie of an air sickness party. Colorful paper bags are "on the house," just another extra merry-making feature of your Malaise tour.

- **Ireland**—gaily slip a disk as you hang upside down to kiss the Blarney Stone.

- **London**—as you smilingly look the wrong way before you cross the street, a lorry runs you down and you are rushed to a British National Health Service emergency hospital, where you are served two delicious Olde English Aspirins free of charge!

- **Amsterdam**—it's mouth-to-mouth resuscitation time in this city of burghers, as a handsome blond bicyclist delivering colorful Edam cheeses knocks you into the famous Singel Canal.

- **Belgium**—the merry Walloons stage a surprise uprising and you and your party are allowed to participate in being stoned. Cuts and abrasions and bruises for all!

- **Heidelberg**—feel like a student prince—or princess—at the story-book-like Red Ox Inn, where, while you are learning to dance a spirited schuhplattler, your local partner smashes your instep to smithereens.

- **Paris**—bites galore! Bedbugs in your hotel, fleas in your taxi, and—a Malaise extra—a back-alley nip at your ankle from an authentic Parisian rat whose an-

As soon as your jet touches ground, you are met by an air-conditioned ambulance, containing the latest of modern rescue equipment, to whisk you to your hospital. Malaise Tours has made arrangements for you to stay in hospitals famed the world over, such as the tradition-steeped St. Thomas's Hospital in London, the cuckoo clock picturesque Burgerspital in Basle, and the romantic Beaujon in Paris.

Your tour director is worthy of special mention. He is a trained pathologist who loves and understands medical problems and who can guide you through the ins and outs of every disease and accident that befalls you on your tour. With him you won't miss a thing. He's a whiz at recognizing symptoms that might otherwise go unnoticed.

On your Malaise tour not only are you treated to the usual upset stomachs, blisters, insomnia, and mounting nervous tension and total exhaustion that most tours provide, but you also enjoy many extras that spell the difference between the mild malady and the critical, between minor surgery and major, between the simple fracture and the compound. Just look at a few of the many additional highlights that are yours on your Malaise tour:

- cestry dates back to the time of Francois I.

- **Switzerland**—among the majestic snow-capped Alps you try your luck on skis and the irregular beat of your excited heart keeps time to the snapping of your bones.

- **Vienna**—in this, the mid-point city of your tour, you suffer a **crise de nerfs** (mild nervous breakdown) as you hallucinate that you are drowning in whipped cream while zithers incessantly play "The Third Man Theme." You undergo a few sessions of analysis with a classic Viennese psychia-

(Continued on next page)

trist complete with morning coat, striped pants, goatee, and exorbitant bill.

- **Russia**—in this land of balalaika and babushka you are set upon by an unidentified borzoi and as a result you are privileged to indulge in the complete series of painful Pasteur shots.

- **Athens**—it's hangover time from a combination of ouzo and retzin consumed in an all-night cafe party with bouzouki music and dancing. (Many of those who have toured with us consider this the high point of sickness of their entire trip.)

- **Rome**—here in the Eternal City the ladies are pinched to a black and blue pulp, while the gentlemen are mugged in alleys by young apprentice Mafia members.

- **Madrid**—thrill to a classic Spanish bullfight and be nauseated by a combination of the heat, the goring of the blindfolded horses, and the blood splashing from the wounded bull. Then it's

off to a convivial "coup de grace" dinner of paella cooked in rancid olive oil.

- **Japan**—strain your Achilles tendon sitting in a marvelously cramped position on the floor and sample the famed **sashimi**—raw fish that will instill in your intestines a lifelong collection of harmful bacteria. For the more daring there's a "Japanese roulette" dinner of fugu fish (instantaneously poisonous if improperly prepared).

- **Australia**—it's farewell to your incisors as you are punched in the mouth by a disgruntled boxing kangaroo.

- **Tahiti**—while wading with a bevy of warm-skinned Polynesians, you step on a paralyzing Portuguese man-of-war with one foot and slice the other open on a bit of exquisite pink coral.

- **Hawaii**—second-degree sunburns for all and—another Malaise bonus treat—a mild concussion

from being bashed by a careless **kane's** surfboard.

- **Brazil**—on a trip up the verdant-shored Amazon in a dugout you dangle your feet in the cooling wake and a school of dread piranhas consume your great toe.

- **India**—you are gored by a sacred cow as the sari- and dhoti-clad natives look on in helpless fascination.

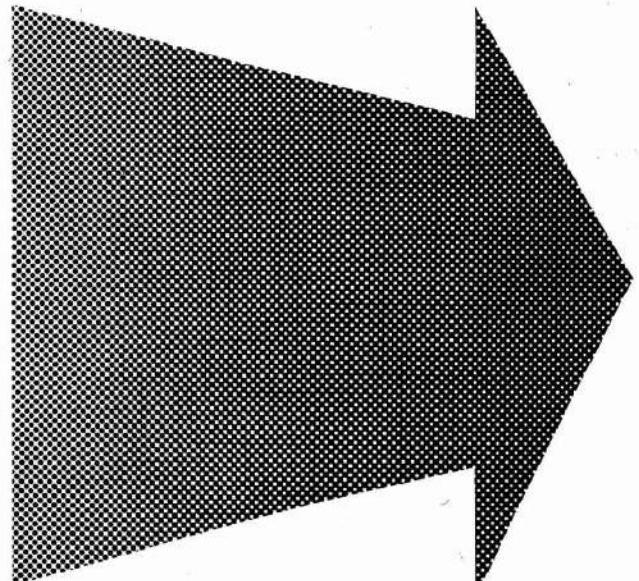
Yes, these are just a sample of the many extra frills Malaise Tours has planned to bring a new pallor to your cheek, a new limp to your gait, a new gasp to your breath and send you home on our beautiful converted Red Cross hospital ship with scars and aches and dormant germs that will be a part of you forever.

Malaise has a tour to fit every pocketbook. There's the thrifty "Chronic," the popular family favorite, "The Congenital," and the luxurious all first class way to go, "The Terminal." **END**

***Since travel tours can be so exasperating, the best thing to do is stay at home. Especially these days when you can cater in things. In fact, today you can cater in practically anything for a price. Which brings us sneakily into the premise of our next article. Namely, a look into the future where we envision these . . .***

# NEW HOME CATERING SERVICES

Script by GUY THOMAS



Art by JACK SPARLING

# CATER AN HISTORICAL EVENT

EVERYTHING FROM THE STORMING OF THE BASTILLE TO THE WAR OF 1812 BROUGHT INTO YOUR HOME OR OFFICE (or snuck into your motel room)

Since you couldn't be present at the actual event, we bring the actual event right to you. Thrill to seeing, right in your living room, Jesus of Nazareth, Atilla the Hun, Vasco da Gama, the twin cities of Sodom and Gomorrah—and many other spectacular events. Have Columbus sail in your bathtub; watch Lucretia Borgia mix drinks in your kitchen; marvel at Jack the Ripper cutting up in your basement.

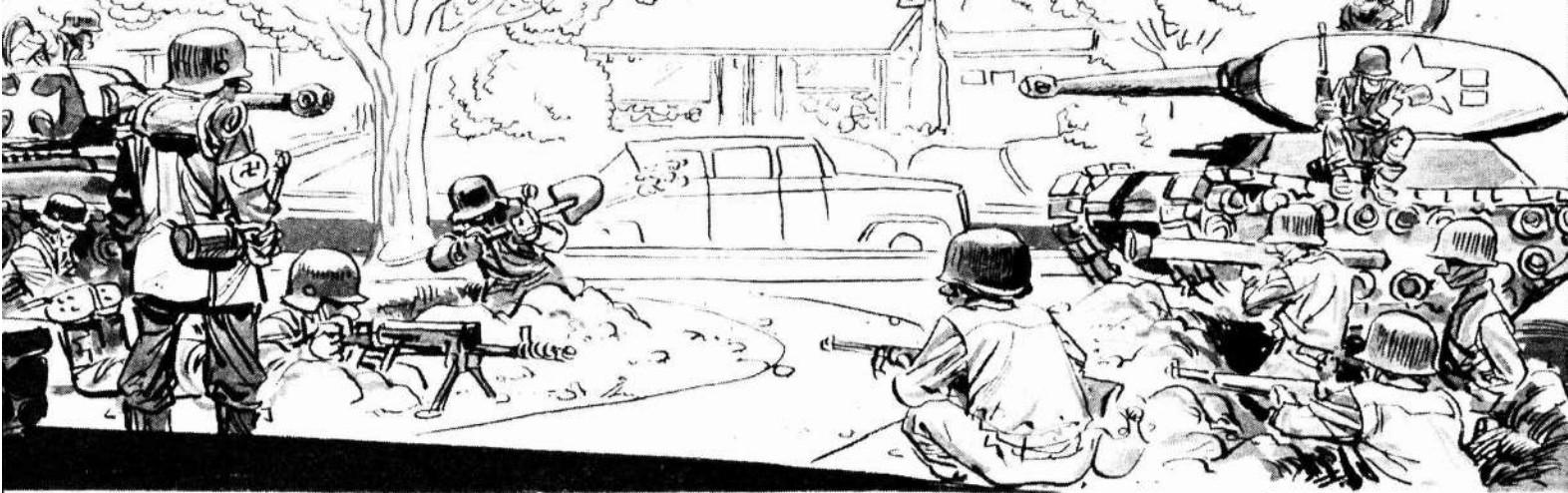


## Cater Your Own Miracle

*Any Miracle of Your Choice—From the Sermon on the Mount to the Parting of the Red Sea—Right in Your Backyard (front yard slightly higher)*

For just a few measly dollars you can have an authentic miracle performed right on your premises. You don't even have to leave your easy chair as we bring the event right into your lap. In fact, instead of an audience with the Pope—we bring the Pope to you (slight extra charge on Sunday). THIS MONTH'S SPECIAL: The Creation of the World (a six-day minimum package) together with a surprise appearance by God.





## CATER YOUR OWN WAR

WORLD WAR II STAGED RIGHT ON YOUR FRONT LAWN—COMPLETE WITH BATTALION OF GIs, TWO GERMAN PANZER DIVISIONS AND AN ITALIAN SPY (thrown in for laughs)

Yes, you'll be the talk of the neighborhood when you turn your front lawn into a no-man's land some Sunday afternoon. You can even participate in the battle (portable Howitzers and carbines supplied). Tell your grandchildren you did your part in the Second World War. Package includes land mines in your driveway, barbed wire on your porch and free burial service in case anything goes wrong.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER: Free Candy Bars and Cigarettes To Offer The Neighborhood Girls



## CATER YOUR OWN EVIL SPIRITS

THE MOST HORRIBLE CREATURES EVER ASSEMBLED— BROUGHT TO YOUR FRONT DOORSTEP (slight extra charge if they come in thru the attic)

Yes, you can turn your house into a real haunted house overnight (prices slightly lower if you do it in the daytime). Package includes Purple People Eaters (for the pantry and kitchen); Little Green Men (for the den and foyer); and assorted Flying Saucers (for around your barbecue pit). As an extra added attraction we will simulate a Martian landing right in your yard (for a few dollars more you can get the real thing).

INQUIRE ABOUT OUR END-OF-THE-WORLD SPECIAL (before it's too late!)

COMEDIAN OF THE MONTH:

# PROFILE: JACKIE VERNON



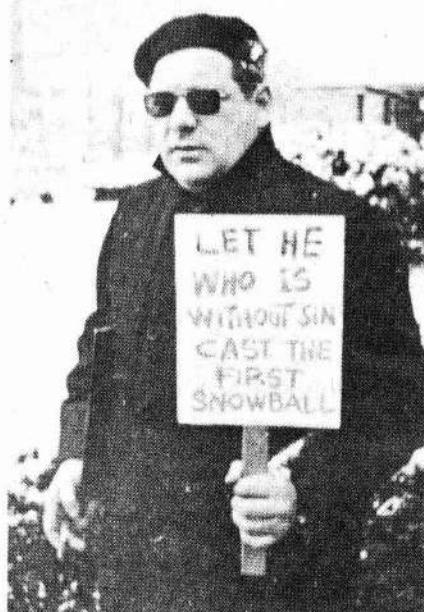
*"A Wet Bird Never Flies At Night!"*

Jackie Vernon is the epitome of the so-called "shnook comedian." He plays the loser



—the downtrodden man—"the only person Dale Carnegie ever punched in the mouth!" Jackie comes by this image naturally—as he looks and acts the part. A short, sad-looking figure with a tremendous weight problem—"sometimes I have to let out the shower curtain"—Jackie struggled for 15 years in small clubs before Danny Kaye caught his act in San Francisco in 1954. It was Danny's encouragement that gave Jackie the moral support he needed to break through to the big time.

Today Jackie Vernon plays all the major night clubs in the country and is a frequent guest star on the prime-time TV variety shows. He has several comedy albums out, the most successful being "A Wet Bird Never Flies At Night." For a shnook and a loser, Jackie has done all right for himself. The following are several of his best lines which show why . . .



"I guess I'll always be a sucker . . ." —Count Dracula

## —A SAMPLING OF JACKIE'S HUMOR—

- I came from a poor family. We used to get care packages from Europe. At the age of 3 I was adopted by a Korean family.
- I was always unlucky. When I was a child my rocking horse died.
- My hometown, Ferguson, Ohio, is built on a one-way street. If you miss it, you have to go clear around the world to get back to it.
- The biggest day in Ferguson's history was when the tornado and hurricane struck at the same time and wiped out the town's main industry—the good luck charm factory.
- I used to be a weird guy. I'd do strange things. Like writing my zip-code in roman numerals. Or standing in breadlines and asking for French toast. Once I scotch-taped peanuts to my window pane, then

watched the birds go crazy trying to pick them off.

- I used to have a great answering service. They felt sorry for me so they used to send me fake messages.
- How unlucky can you get? When I became old enough to drive, I traded my Dad's Kaiser-Frazier in on an Edsel. I tried to put a tiger in my tank, but it ate my muffler. The worst was when I was arrested in Times Square on New Year's Eve for loitering.
- I had some strange jobs in my time. I was once a night watchman in a day camp. I left that job to become social director on a tugboat.
- Of all the wise sayings I've ever heard I remember this one: Never spit in a man's face, unless his mustache is on fire!

"O.K., I'll paint the ceilings, but I refuse to do woodwork!"—Michaelangelo

Today computer dating is the rage. Most single people (and a lot of sneaky marrieds too) are turning to electronic machines for their mates (which is O.K. if you happen to like being married to an electronic machine). It usually works out fine but occasionally something goes wrong. Like with these celebrities who tried IBM dating and wound up with unlikely partners in this . . .

# COMP

**WHO  
ARE THESE  
COUPLES?**  
(see page 29)



"How come you never take me out to eat anymore?" — Betty Crocker

# UTER MIS-MATCH

Idea by  
FRED WOLFE

Art by  
LUGOZE



"This morning I had a terrible accident walking through a bowling alley . . ." — Yul Brynner

## A SICK HANGUP

**KRIS KRINGLE**

62 - 54 - 68

(without his body stocking on)

Ho, ho, ho . . .  
and all that  
rot!



painted by JACK SPARLING

**WEATHER:**  
Hot Air Coming In  
From Washington  
Followed by  
Big Freeze

# Sick Sick

Trust People Under 30

IN-SICK-NIFICANT



**Fun City:** A rookie cop was severely reprimanded for taking his duty too literally. When he heard that Mayor Lindsay wanted the police to "clean up" the streetwalkers, the shnook personally bathed about 18.

**Los Angeles:** This speed-crazy city is starting to have its effect on religion. We hear that one church has set up an "express" confessional—for people with eight sins or less.



## SICKIE OF THE MONTH

A Washington ex-convict is claiming police harassment. Seems that years ago he shot and killed a top government figure—and now every time there's an assassination they drag him in for questioning.

**Las Vegas:** Friends of a noted celebrity fear that the former swinger may be growing old. They recently caught him throwing out a Playboy Calendar, merely because it was last year's.

**Tennessee:** A poor citizen made news here after refusing his kids a color TV set. What he did was give them a black-and-white set and a box of crayons.

**Haight-Ashbury:** Sign in a local park: "Keep Off The Grass—It May Grow Up To Be A Good Smoke!"

**Miami:** Shades of Noah? It rained so hard and long in this resort area recently, that after a while the hotel guests started pairing off.

**Latin America:** A condemned prisoner escaped execution merely by insisting on a blindfold. It was for each member of the firing squad.

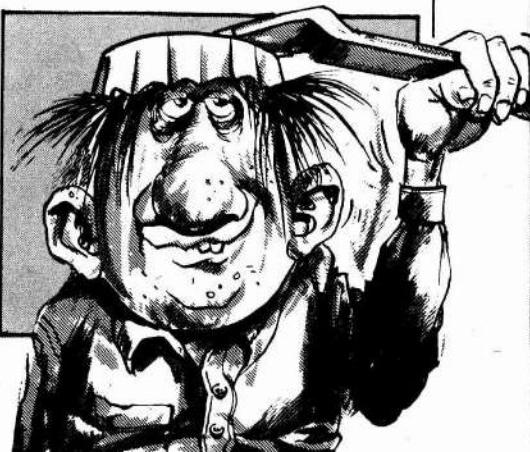


**San Francisco:** A local jet-setter figures that his marriage has started out on shaky ground. It seems his new bride took along "mad money" on their honeymoon.



**Manhattan:** The smog here is getting so bad that a couple of muggers in Central Park accidentally roughed up a statue.

**Hogwash University:** Science-In-The-News. Noted anthropologist, Dr. Seymour Ferd, has discovered a hitherto unknown area in Alaska where the natives use fish for money. Said the doctor: "The only bad part is—it gets a little sloppy around the slot machines."



# World



ALL THE NEWS  
THAT'S FILTH  
TO PRINT

## NEWS OF THE MONTH

by FRED WOLFE



"As a matter of fact, what-cha-ma-callit will have many important duties!"—Richard Nixon

**Denver:** Education Note. A local schoolboard hired a Chinese schoolteacher who came up with a slightly different system. She gives her kids homework to "take out."

**Cincinnati:** A Women's Libber who was paying her husband alimony was sued by her spouse for non-support. So she sent him a truss.

**Washington, D.C.:** Although high government officials hotly deny any major cuts in defense spending, the latest poop from the Pentagon states they are removing all intercontinental missiles and replacing them with long-range slingshots.

**Atlantic City:** A lifeguard was recently fired for giving two shapely young women mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. This was before they went into the water.

**Downtown Burbank:** A famous actor claims that he was so poor as a kid that, when he had a birthday, his parents used to show him a picture of a cake.

**Doctors' Hospital:** Talk about ingratitude. A plastic surgeon is being sued for malpractice, after performing an operation in which he grafted a perfect 36 breast onto one of his patients. Said the doctor: "Some **guys** are never satisfied!"

**Louisiana:** A dum-dum student flunked out of a school for short-order cooks when he was asked how to **steam** clams and replied: "Make fun of their religion!"

**Utah:** Some-Guys-Never-Learn Dep't. An obscene phone caller was arrested and allowed to make one phone call. So he called up a female lawyer—and breathed heavily into the phone.

**Pennsylvania:** A local department store refused to hire a World War II veteran as a nightwatchman because of his references. Seems this guy was formerly a lookout at Pearl Harbor.

**New Jersey:** They say that Ralph Nader has come up with the perfect plan to cut down on auto pollution: "Don't allow any car on the road until it's fully paid for!"

**Greenwich Village:** A very "gay" weaver has set up shop here and calls himself "Fruit Of The Loom."

**The White House:** Some wag has stated that if they ever raise first-class postage to ten cents, they ought to put a picture of Jesse James on the stamp.

**Jamaica:** After taking a gander at all the gorgeous "Bunnies" at a Playboy Club, a teen-ager told his father he wanted to become the house veterinarian.

**Amalgamated Press:** Pollution Note. Talk about smog, one city's air is reportedly so dirty, a local ice-cream company sells six different shades of vanilla.

**Hollywood:** Dean Martin recently revealed to an interviewer that at an early age he decided to take up the piano. This was because his glass kept sliding off his violin.

**Broadway:** A not-too-bright actress who got deathly ill from eating a dozen soft-shelled clams was advised by her doctor: "Next time take them out of the shells!"



## ANSWERS TO COMPUTER MIS-MATCH see page 24

**TOP ROW:** John Wayne & Joan Baez; Hugh Hefner & Betty Friedan; Woody Allen & Cass Elliot; J. Edgar Hoover & Jane Fonda. **BOT-**

**TOM ROW:** Abbie Hoffman & Martha Mitchell; Angela Davis & Lester Maddox; Joe Namath & Phyllis Diller; Sophia Loren & What's-His-Name.

Almost everybody receives an unceasing amount of junk mail. This mail always consists of offers to sell you something. You often receive the same letter repeatedly soliciting for the same product or service. Unfortunately, there is no way to stop them as a faceless army of computers do all the work. However, we've come up with an idea. All you have to do is send complimentary letters asking for more. We guarantee that this will so stun the computer that it'll blow a fuse. And so, here's a few suggestions for...

Wall Street Tipsters, Inc.  
1 Shady Street, N.Y.

My Dear Sir:

Thanks for your 894 timely letters letting me know of the marvelous riches awaiting me if I act now. Well, right now it's very cold in my apartment because I didn't pay the rent. So guess what? I've got an indoor fireplace and I want to tell you that your letters burn beautifully. Please send me a double dosage of your "hot" items.

Smokefully Yours,

Ajax Mail-Order House  
Ajax, Penn.

Dear Mr. Ajax:

Your mail offers to sell whatever-it-is-you-sell are probably great. Lately though, I've been too busy to read them. You see, I'm papering the 28 walls of our new commune farmhouse with your letters and I can barely keep up. So please keep those cards and letters coming in.

Paperfully Yours,

Home Study University  
Gnome, Alaska

Dear Sir:

Your program of studies that will lead me on the road to a fantastic career earning upwards of upwards of what everybody else is earning is entirely believable. However, I've learned so much reading your 8,632 sample lessons and letters that I wonder just how much smarter or richer I can become. Perhaps another 100,000 of your mailings will help me find out.

Studyfully Yours,

Persistent Publications Inc.  
Box 1112  
Garden City, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

Your magazine subscription offers are outstanding. If ever I want to read trash I'll keep you in mind. Meanwhile, my three year old daughter loves to play with the nifty cards we get in a big package every few days. She's already accumulated 4,895 in just two weeks. Please continue sending them as she is aiming for 50,000 in one month.

Cardfully Yours,

"You guys really kill me!" — Julius Caesar

# SICK LETTERS TO END JUNK MAIL!

Written by DAVID MALEH

Patriotic Accident and  
Casualty Co.  
Hole-In-Wall, Kansas

Dear Patriots:

Thank you for your 357 letters this past month asking me to buy accident and health insurance. I look forward gleefully to your every letter as I have a new puppy that I'm paper training and every litter bit helps.

Puppyfully Yours,

Ninth Heaven Travel Tours  
Oshkosh, Idaho

Dear Sir:

I guess you know that I love to travel. Last year I went on 931 trips which is the exact number of tour suggestions you mailed to me. Someday I may even leave my house and go on one of your trips. Hang in there, baby!

Tripfully Yours,

Success-Success-Success Inc.  
Box 000  
Denver, Colorado

Sir:

You've succeeded very well so please keep sending me more introductory letters about your offer. I despise my mailman and he hates delivering to me, and you're succeeding in driving him insane. Keep it coming thick and heavy and maybe in three tons or so, my lousy mailman will end up in a human junk pile.

Successfully Yours,

Occult Book Co.  
Strange City, New Jersey

Dear Sir or Madam:

Your amazing powers are working for me. My spouse opens all my mail and thinks you're my secret lover. Thus, I'm lavished with attention to keep me happy. I can never buy your books because that would be the end of your letters. But if you wish to charge me for the letters send me your bulk rate schedule.

Hypnotically Yours,

New Clothes Co.  
Old City, Georgia

Dear Sir:

Your beautifully illustrated brochures that arrive every day are marvelous. I receive thousands of pieces of these mail solicitations, but yours are particularly welcome for a unique reason. I'm a weight-lifter and the heaviness of your catalogues helps to build me up. Again, thanks loads for the tons you've sent. Keep it flowing and in another few months I'll be ready for the Mr. America contest.

Weightfully Yours, 31



Once again we've asked FRED WOLFE, our staff poet-philosopher, to come up with some epic poetry on the contemporary scene. And once again he brought in a masterpiece. However, this masterpiece was by William Shakespeare — so we had him bring it back, and write something original. He obliged with these epic-making, never-before-seen, still-unpaid-for . . .

# CONTEMPORARY HUMERICKS

by FRED WOLFE (as told to his psychiatrist)

Our top "G-Man" gave Congress a scare.  
Tapping phones of some Senators there.  
Yet I don't have a doubt  
If they vote Nixon out  
Then J. Ed. better try "Dial-A-Prayer."

Ralphie Nader's been making the news.  
People want him for Prez, if he'd choose.  
What if Congress got stalled?  
Would Ralph have them "re-called?"  
And then tighten up all their loose screws?

Now the "Gay Liberation" wants power.  
Peter Pan as the man of the hour.  
Yes, if they had their wish  
All our armies would swish.  
With the pansy our national flower.

U.S. Indians are the new scene.  
We're now sorry we treated them mean.  
Let's make our President  
Get John Wayne to repent.  
And that, like, should wipe the slate clean.

Having babies the old-fashioned way  
May be on the way out, sad to say.  
Babies will be "pre-fab,"  
Made for you in a lab.  
Does the test-tube get gifts Mother's Day?

Commune living is sweeping our shores.  
Grab a chick for the night and she's yours.  
But, I don't call that living.  
Have one wife? Give thanksgiving.  
Who can take eighteen mother-in-laws?

Welcome to old polluted New York.  
Auto fumes make heads bob like a cork.  
And the river's so thick.  
Garbage, slop and oil slick,  
That the fish never swim, they all walk.

Nowadays all the "X-Rated" pics  
Are real big in the cities and "sticks."  
But that vogue would soon pass  
If they'd show Mama Cass  
*In the nude*—Man, that should do the trick!

Burning bras is a popular sport.  
To be free *everywhere* is what's taught.  
Wives who do this are dead.  
They'll lose all that free "bread"  
If they try to sue for non-support.

Population Explosion's a mess.  
Some groups curse what they once used to bless.  
Yet, when she starts to strip  
Should you sit there and flip?  
Or suggest playing checkers or chess?

The religion kick's real out of sight.  
Teen-age kids are now seeing the light.  
A Revival is "in,"  
They put down every sin.  
That's if you don't count Saturday night.

Tried "Encounter Group Therapy," Jane?  
Touching others to straighten your brain.  
Save your dough! Buy a dress!  
Want strange hugs or caress?  
Take a crowded rush-hour subway train.

Ghetto landlords are seeing the light.  
Tho their buildings are still quite a sight.  
With their gold they won't part,  
But to show they've got heart  
Change the roaches and rats every night.

Campus radicals have lots of brass.  
Yes, the "fuzz" and the "pigs" they harass.  
One chap really lost face.  
Was thrown out in disgrace.  
When they caught the kid going to class.

Con Ed's image has gone slightly sour.  
Conned the public to buy by the hour.  
You're the chumps. They're the champs.  
"Get four toasters! Eight lamps!"  
Then they tell you that they're short of power.

Swapping wives is a whole brand new bag.  
Parties swing, that were once a big drag.  
One guy brought nowhere bait.  
To get rid of *his* mate  
Had to throw in his car with the hag.

Truth-In-Packaging laws everywhere.  
Manufacturers all cry: "Unfair!"  
Now you'll get a fair shake.

No more one sad cornflake.  
With the rest of the box filled with air.

A "trial marriage" is all the big rage.  
"Where it's at" in Aquarius Age.  
But, there's only one hitch.  
If that scene makes you itch  
You'll be *tried*, if the chick's under-age.

There's a drive on to legalize "pot."  
Yes, this issue's politically hot.  
For the young vote, alas,  
Candidates might smoke "grass."  
Laws won't pass but they'll laugh quite a lot.

"Unisex" advocates must be blind.  
Man, they've got to be out of their mind.  
What a horrible fate  
When you're out on a date  
And you find you're *both* one of a kind.

Man, inflation can be a bad trip.  
It's a bummer, the mind can just flip.  
Can you picture a cab  
Where the driver will crab:  
"Half a million? Boy, what a *stiff* tip!"

I came  
as soon as  
I got the call . . .  
what's up?

When someone says "Gypsy" to you, what comes to your mind? No, not strip-teasing, you clod! The "Gypsy" we mean is the one you associate with tambourine playing, mind reading and running a chain of empty stores. Since gypsies are an international phenomenon, we decided to investigate them to see if all those associations are true. And so we now take...

# A SICK LOOK AT GYPSIES

Script by JOE CATALANO

Art by TONY TALLARICO

**When you hear the word "Gypsy" certain images usually run through your mind, to wit:**

# **GYPSIES RUN PHONY BUSINESSES**

Oh, don't forget  
your free discount  
coupon worth \$500 on  
your next purchase of  
the Brooklyn Bridge!

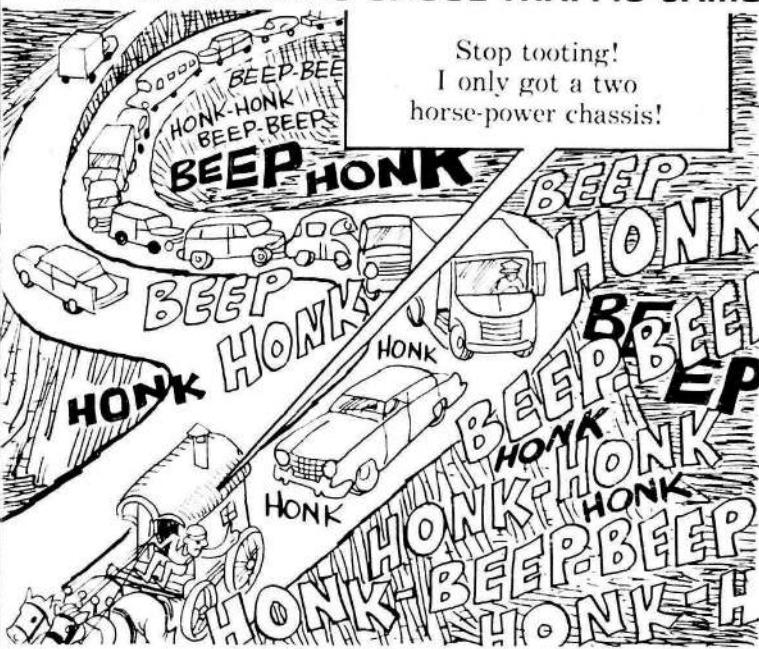


## **GYPSIES ARE PHONY MEDIUMS**

If the spirit of  
Sadie Shultz' mother  
is in this room  
blow down the little  
paper doll . . .



#### **GYPSY WAGONS CAUSE TRAFFIC JAMS**



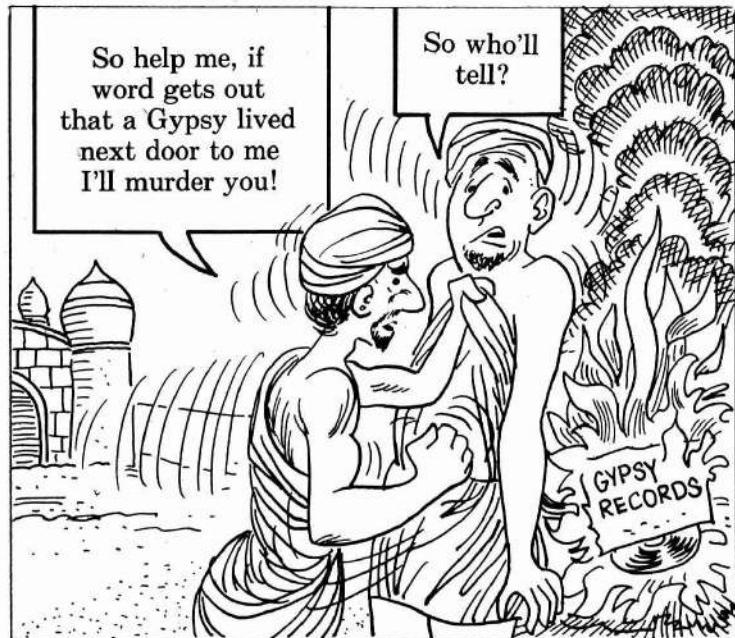
## **GYPSY FAMILIES RUIN NEIGHBORHOODS**

With those new gypsy  
neighbors, Sam, we're lucky  
if we get anything  
for our home!

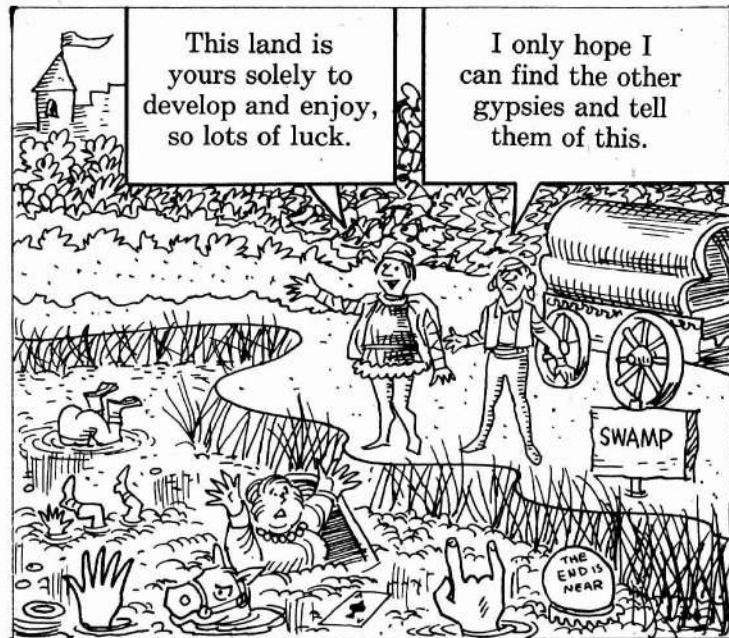


Well, you wouldn't think of the Gypsy that way if you knew of his long and proud history:

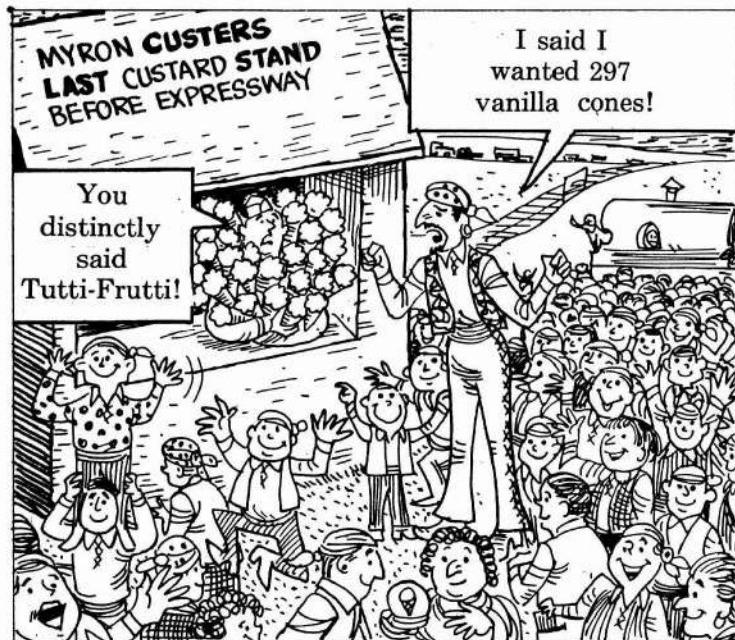
Although there is no official record of the Gypsy originating in India, this is where he is believed to have come from. Where the official records have gone is also a mystery...



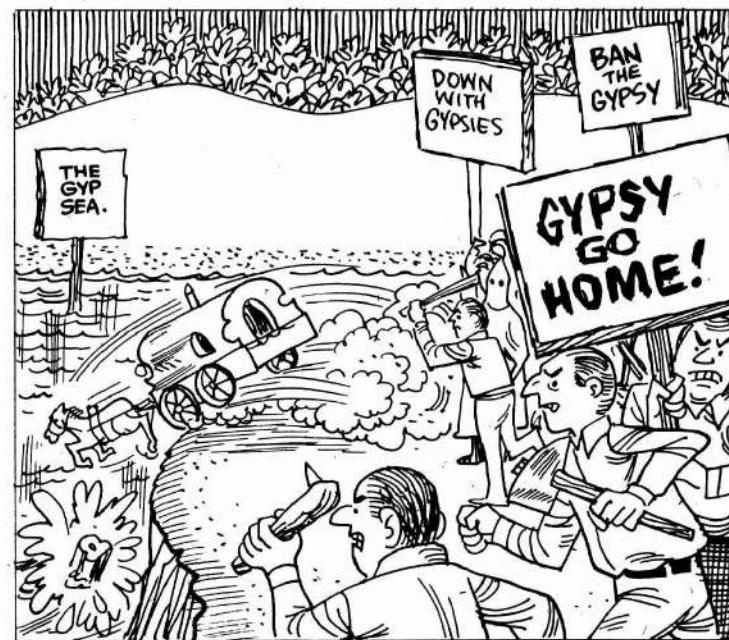
However, we do know that in the 15th Century the gypsies moved to Europe where the population there tried to resettle them. Here they were given their own carefully selected land...



Unhappy with their new land, the famous Gypsy Wars began. Perhaps the most famous Gypsy battle of all was held many years later at Custer's Last Stand...



It is not known exactly when the gypsies migrated to America. However, it is believed to have not been the result of planning but a spur-of-the-moment decision...

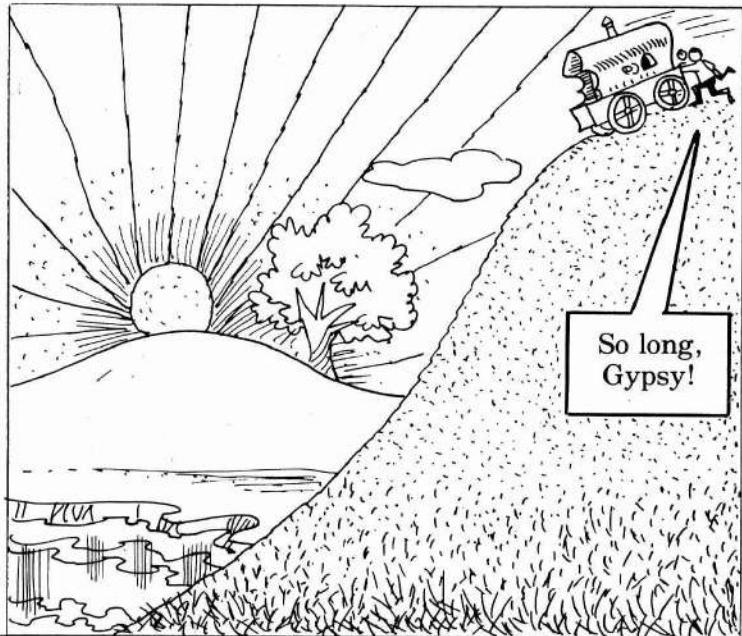


**QUESTION:** Why do very few gypsies ever commit suicide?

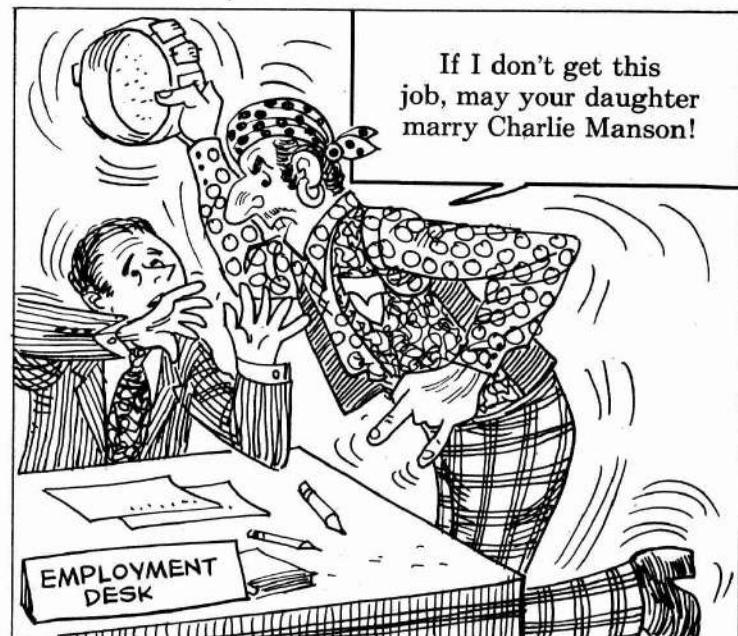
**ANSWER:** It's hard to kill yourself jumping out a basement window!

Now, after this long and proud history, what have the gypsies got today? Nothing! They're the most abused minority group on the face of the earth, even worse than the blacks are...

Blacks have their slums and ghettos and throwing them out of a city takes a long time. To get rid of a Gypsy however, all one needs is a hill...

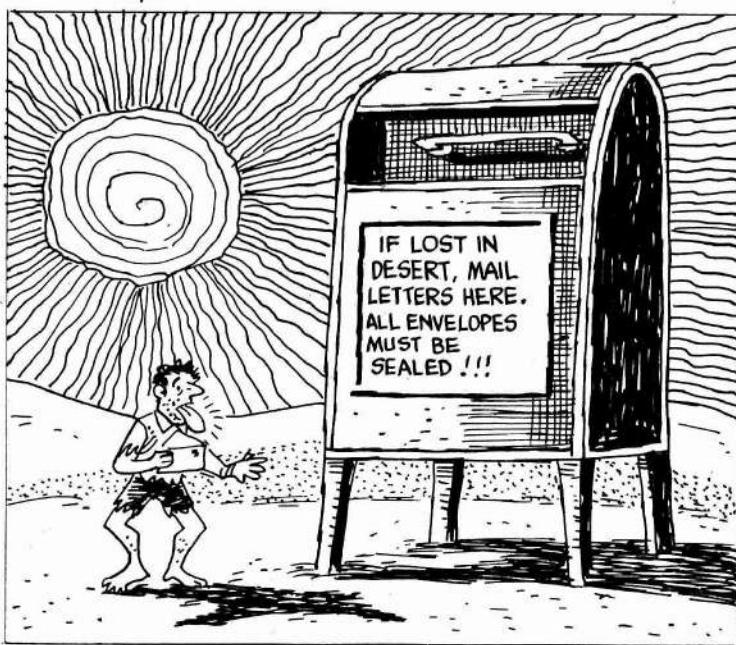


Blacks have the NAACP, CORE and other groups to defend them from any trouble. The only defense a Gypsy has however, is his tambourine and a curse...



Now, you may ask: What is a Gypsy curse?" Well, it is without a doubt the most powerful weapon a Gypsy has. The curse is usually said in anger, when the Gypsy is harassed. Like for example ...

"May your tongue dry up the next time you go to lick an envelope!"



"May your best girl friend catch you with your finger in your nose!"



**QUESTION:** How does a census taker count the gypsies on a block?  
**ANSWER:** He throws a quarter in the middle of the street!

One of the more popular ways of meeting your mate today is the Singles Weekend. This usually takes place at a large resort hotel where hundreds of singles gather for the weekend to mingle with the opposite sex. So naturally, this got us to thinking. Not about sex, but about what it would be like if they had . . .

## CAVEMAN DAYS



For A Real Swinging  
Singles Weekend Come To The  
Labor Day **CONCAVE**

And Meet The Neanderthal  
Man Of Your Dreams!

Guys: meet your mate here and drag her home with you! Girls: find your hairy-chested partner (then bring her here with you to find guys!). Remember — 1800 single people showed up at our last shindig. Which was pretty wild, seeing it was in a 6x6 cave. So if you have an ax to grind and want to meet the new breed, make your reservation today. Rooms with private waterfall available. Formal leopard skin attire a must (check clubs at entrance of cave). Dinosaur Cards welcome.

Drag Yourself Down  
And Find The Club-Swinger  
Of Your Dreams!

## SINGLE MUMMIES AND DADDIES SPECIAL at the **PYRAMID HILTON** KING TUT'S BIRTHDAY WEEKEND

Unravel your mate in our famous Mausoleum Room. Participate in the new Get-Acquainted Game: PHAROAH SEZ. Thrill to entertainment nightly by the Mummies And The Poppies. Go for a free midnight barge ride down the Nile. Reserve now for the Locust Season (when rates are cheaper). Special accommodations during the first three plagues. So take the wraps off all that dead weight and come on down!



Script by  
DAVID-  
MALEH

Art by  
JOHN  
LANGTON

# SINGLES WEEKENDS THROUGHOUT HISTORY

## ROMAN DAYS



CALLING ALL SINGLES  
AGES XVIII TO XXXV!

## SHERATON- COLASSUS

Get addresses and phone numbers in Roman Numerals and call them in the city (in pig-latin). Mix 'n' mingle in our fabulous new Nero Room—the Hot Spot of the Empire (Formal Tie and Toga only). Continuous entertainment by The Christians and The Lions. Free tickets to the Orgy on Saturday night. Your hosts: D. Kline & Fall.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER: Free Slave To First 500 Girls Who Check In!

## A HUNDRED MINUTEMEN TO EVERY GIRL! THE COOL SPOT TO SWING IN VALLEY FORGE ADULT RETREAT

yes, come on down and meet your mate in the independence spirit that prevails. activities 24-hours a day, including: cherry-tree chopping (where you cannot tell a lie); a romantic moonlight crossing of the delaware (where you throw money overboard); and a boston tea party (where you throw the bag you're with overboard). music by the original paul revere & the raiders. reserve for washington's birthday.

FOR all  
PURITANICAL SINGLES OVER 28  
(OR those not so puritanical  
UNDER 28)



"Hold still, honey, it won't be long now!" — Delilah

MIS-EDUCATION DEPT.

Tired of failing your exams all the time? Find them too difficult for you? Well, here's one exam you can't fail. Not unless you really cheat hard, that is. Mainly because it's ...

# THE WORLD'S EASIEST EXAM\*

as devised by PROFESSOR ROBERT HEIT  
(former SICK writer, now unemployed)

## MULTIPLE CHOICE (circle the correct answer)

1. The early bird catches the:  
 A. Dinosaur     B. Worm     C. Cold
  
2. A stitch in time saves:  
 A. 5,783     B. 47,592,729     C. Nine
  
3. Never change horses in the middle of the:  
 A. Sewer     B. Stream     C. Pacific Ocean
  
4. A rolling stone gathers no:  
 A. Beatles     B. Moss     C. Hippies
  
5. You can't teach an old dog new:  
 A. Tricks     B. Barks     C. York
  
6. Where there's a will there's a:  
 A. Relative     B. Way     C. Won't
  
7. Two's company, three's a:  
 A. Crowd     B. Mob     C. Rock group
  
8. A fool and his money are soon:  
 A. Parted     B. Potted     C. Pot-head

## TRUE OR FALSE

(please check on appropriate line)

- |   |                               |                                |
|---|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Abraham Lincoln was an admiral in the Swiss Navy.                    | <input type="checkbox"/> True | <input type="checkbox"/> False |
| 2. Christopher Columbus was wrong in thinking that the earth was round. | <input type="checkbox"/> True | <input type="checkbox"/> False |
| 3. "FALSE" is spelled "F" "A" "W" "L" "S".                              | <input type="checkbox"/> True | <input type="checkbox"/> False |
| 4. "TRUE" is spelled with two "U"s.                                     | <input type="checkbox"/> True | <input type="checkbox"/> False |

## MEANING COMPREHENSION

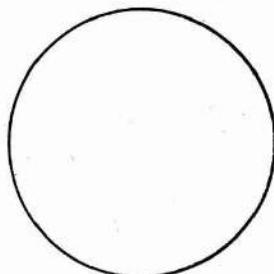
Read this poem carefully then answer the questions below:

Jack and Jill  
Went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water  
Jack fell down  
And broke his crown  
And Jill came tumbling after

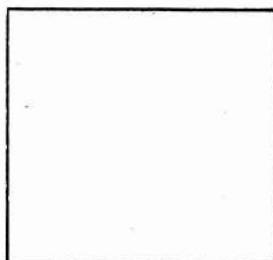
1. Who are the two main characters?  
\_\_\_\_\_
  
2. Where did they go and what did they fetch?  
\_\_\_\_\_
  
3. Who fell down first?  
\_\_\_\_\_
  
4. Who came tumbling after?  
\_\_\_\_\_
  
5. What other question can you think of?  
\_\_\_\_\_

## IDENTIFY THESE SHAPES

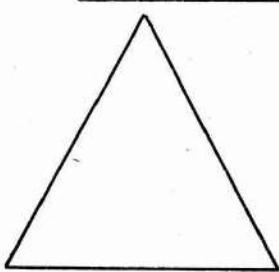
(check appropriate description)



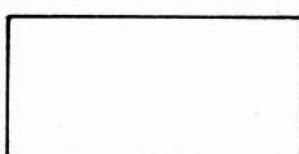
1. a circle
2. a Siberian musk-ox
3. an artificial pancreas



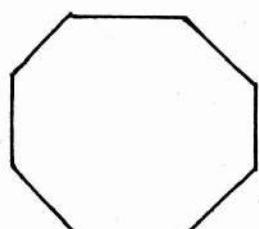
1. a cumquat
2. a cheese blintz
3. a square



1. a zeppelin
2. a triangle
3. a tangerine pit



1. a cake of halvah
2. a cockamamie
3. a rectangle



1. a truss
2. a spitoon
3. an octagon

## SENTENCE COMPLETION

(fill in the correct words)

1. \_\_\_\_\_ is buried in Grant's Tomb.
2. The George Washington Bridge is named after \_\_\_\_\_.
3. The Spanish-American War was fought between \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_.
4. "Crazy Legs" Hirsch is so named because of his funny-looking \_\_\_\_\_.
5. A hole-in-one takes \_\_\_\_\_ swing of the club.
6. The Boston Tea Party took place in the city of \_\_\_\_\_.
7. A diesel-fuel engine runs on \_\_\_\_\_.
8. A magazine that is really sick is named \_\_\_\_\_.

## FILL IN THE MISSING LETTER

1. Dolly Madison was the wife of President James \_\_\_\_ adison.
2. Thomas Edison invented the electric light \_\_\_\_ ulb.
3. The American flag consists of stars and \_\_\_\_ tripes.
4. Robert Fulton invented the \_\_\_\_ teamboat.

## WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

(Study it carefully, then tell what's wrong below)

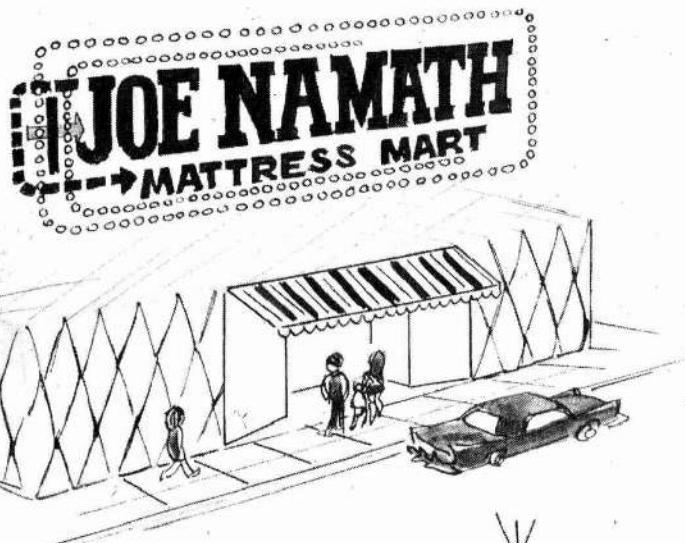


ANSWER: \_\_\_\_\_

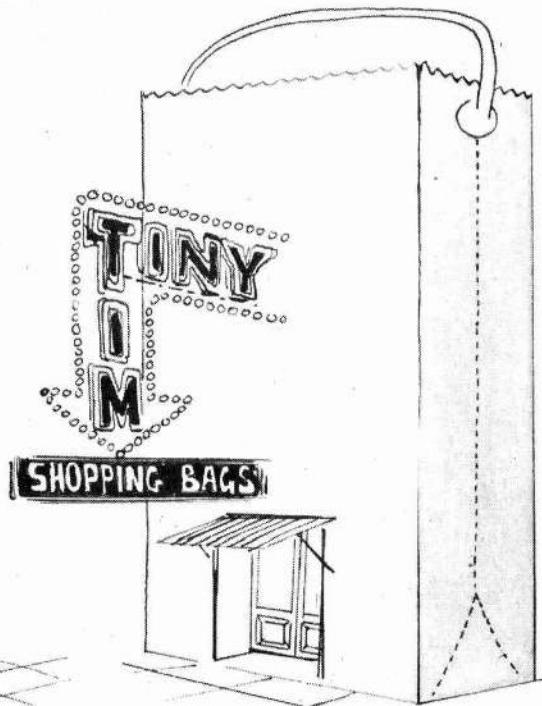
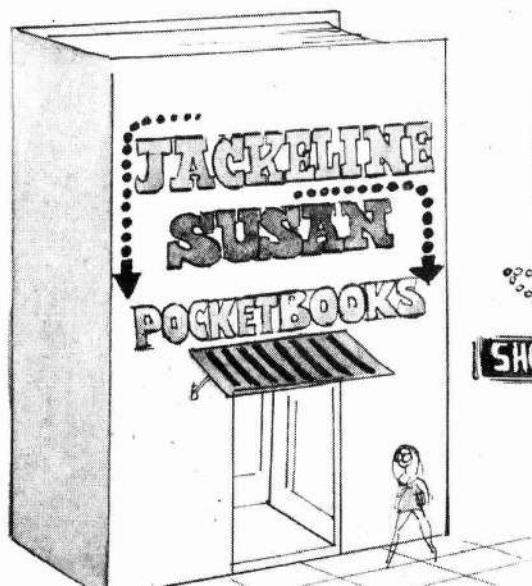
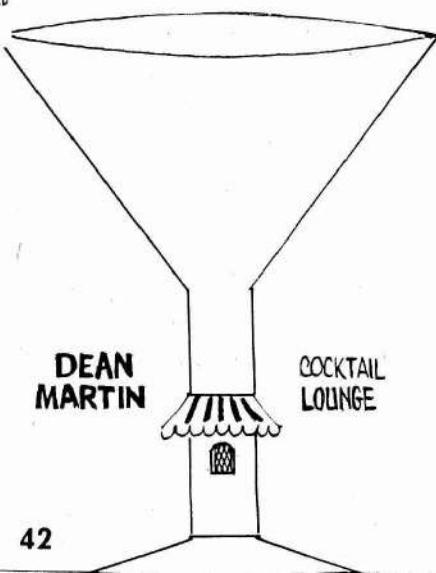
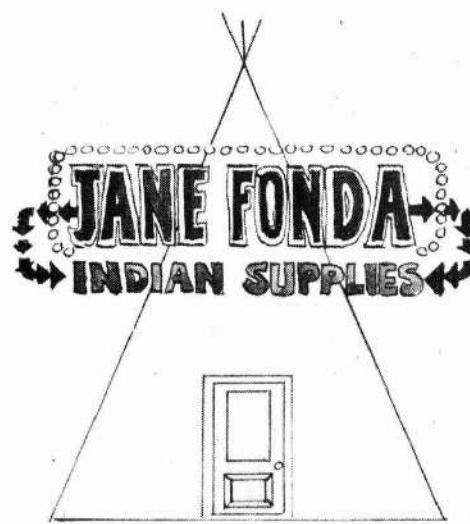
(if more space is needed use your head)

Franchises have become an institution in this country, especially those with celebrity names attached. Recent successes have been Roy Rogers Western-Style Food, Mickey Mantle Country Cooking and the soon-to-be Jerry Lewis Theatres. We figure that other celebrities will soon lend their names to this lucrative market. And so, jumping the gun, we've come up with a few . . .

# IDEAS FOR OTHER CEL

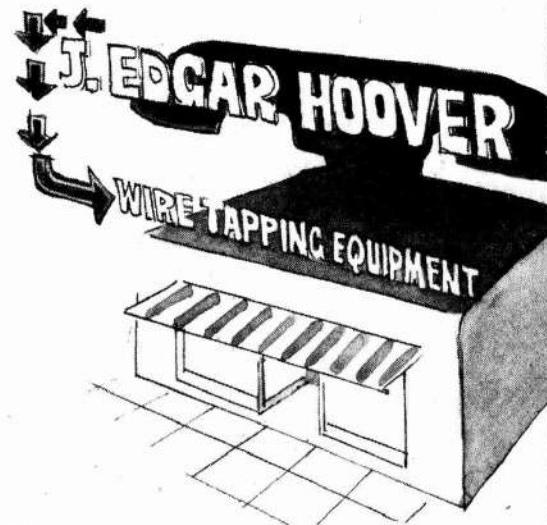
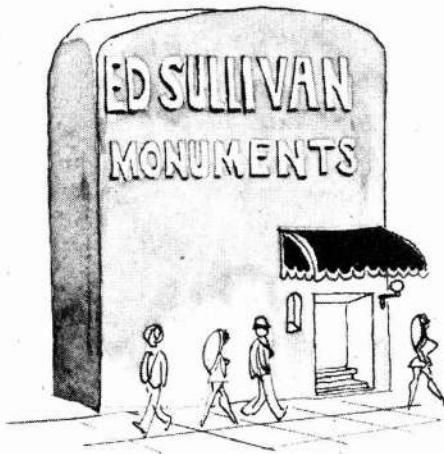


"Whattaya mean you presume? Who else could I be, idiot!"—Dr. Livingstone



# EBRITY FRANCHISES...

"You mean they're free? Alright, so I'll take ten!"—Moses

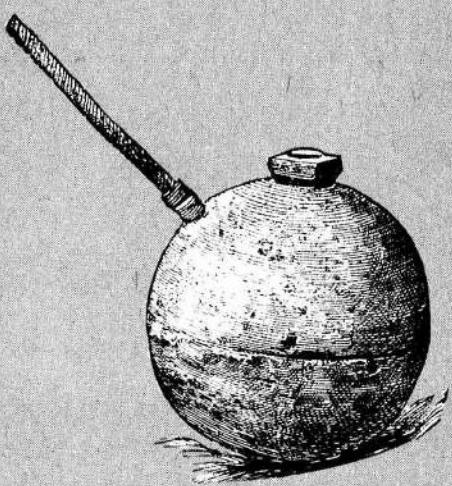


Script by ERNEST WERNER

Art by ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



# SICK'S TABLE OF MEASURES FOR MODERN TIMES



by  
**GREGG AXELROD**

"I always wanted to see the top of the Empire State Building but not now!"—Fay Wray

## LENGTH MEASURES

12 inches=1 ruler  
6 feet=1 grave  
3 yards=1 headstart  
2 rods=1 hanging curtain  
20 miles=1 Army hike

## AREA MEASURES

2 knots=1 tangled shoelace  
1 furlong=1 3-day pass  
2 leagues=1 World Series  
2 fathoms=1 wading pool  
4 chains=1 winterized car  
2 links=1 complete piece  
4 hands=1 bridge game  
2 spans=16 piano notes  
10 acres=1 squatter

"Man, what a bunch of amateurs!"—Ted Mack



## LIQUID MEASURES

1 dram=1 curse word  
2 pints=1 drunk  
4 quarts=8 D.T.'s  
12 gallons=1 road mile  
1 liter=1 sloppy street  
10 pecks=1 hickey  
4 bushels=800 apples  
2 barrels=1 shotgun

## WEIGHT MEASURES

2 ounces=1 fix  
3 pounds=1 black eye  
4 hundredweights=1 hernia  
5 tons=1 cave-in

## TIME MEASURES

2 seconds=1 duel  
3 minutes=1 soft-boiled egg  
4 hours=1 Humphrey speech  
30 days=1 jail sentence  
2 weeks=1 vacation  
9 months=1 delivery  
13 years=1 Bar-Mitzvah

This is really a rough picture. It has everything in it—sex, violence, murder, mayhem. And this is just during the opening credits—the rest of the picture is even wilder! In fact, this movie is so perverse and so degenerate that a gang rape is used in the middle for comedy relief. This is the only movie ever reviewed in a Tillie & Mac Book. The Daily News gave it 4-Hickies. What can you say about a picture that was banned in Times Square as indecent? But enough with the words—and onto the action—as SICK brings you its review of...

# KLUTE

## A **SICK** MOVIE REVIEW

by

FRED WOLFE

The Film Flam Man

**He was a man  
consumed with passion . . .  
consumed with justice . . .  
consumed with life . . .  
one of the most  
consumptive men of  
our time!**



If I'm the  
detective star,  
how come Jane Fonda  
steals the  
picture?

### **WARNING!**

*This review is not for weak stomachs. It is only for weak minds. If you shock easily, skip this review. If you don't shock easily, try sticking your head in a wet electrical socket. We are in no way responsible for corrupting anybody's mind with the material in this review. We are responsible however, for corrupting your mind with the material in the rest of the magazine. So read on, dear reader, at your own risk . . .*



We're in a motel on our wedding night... whataya mean 'not here'?

John Klute is a small town detective sent to the big city by a neighbor's wife to find her husband who disappeared over two years ago while walking the dog. And now she wants him back—the dog, that is. She's already making it big with the local milkman.

The big city is New York. And Donald Sutherland, who plays Klute, and was such a smash in *M\*A\*S\*H*, manages to get smashed and mashed—by the criminal element here. Not while he's on the job—while he's just taking a stroll through Central Park. What's more, he almost gets strangled to death. Poor guy, nobody told him not to breathe the air!

The only lead to the missing neighbor, a man named Grunemann, is Bree Daniel, played by Jane Fonda—who also plays with any man in sight, for pay. Neither rain, nor snow, nor hail, nor sleet stops Bree from making her rounds. She's one girl who really delivers! And Klute is so square that when Jane reveals she's a call girl, he

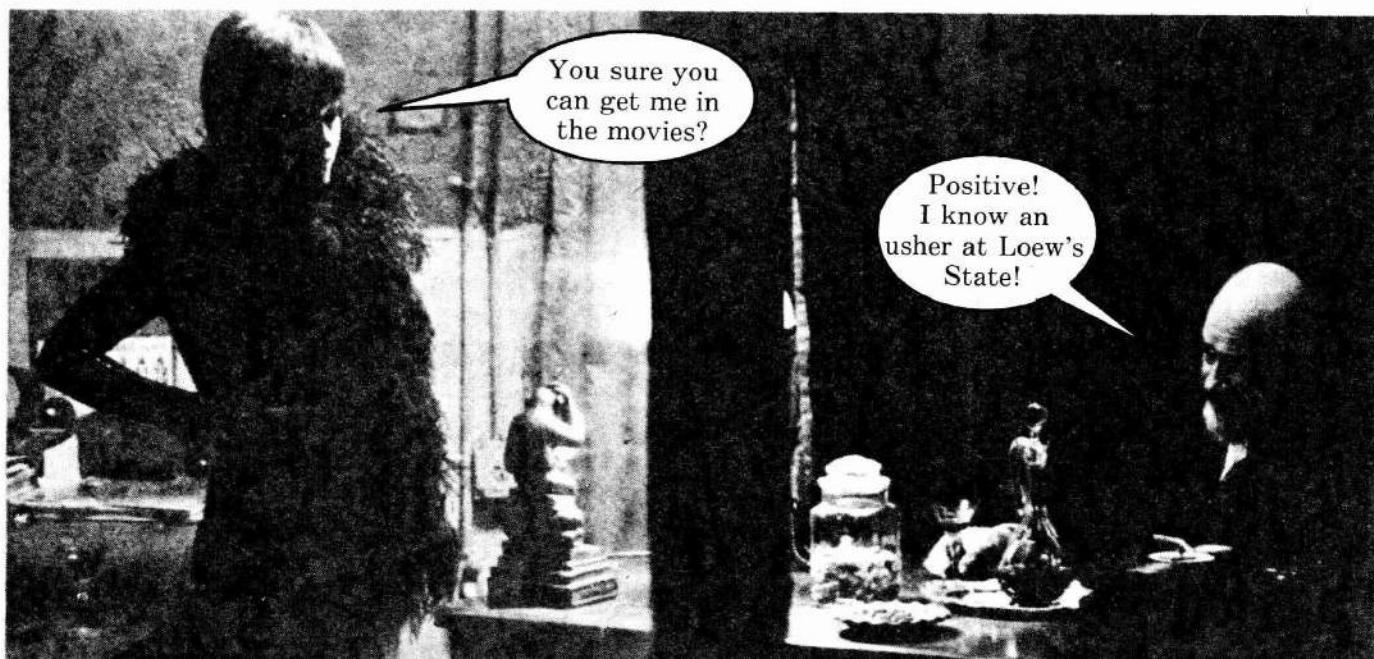
thinks she's connected with Bell Telephone. When he learns the truth however, detective Klute pinches her. No, he doesn't arrest her—he just pinches her. This causes Jane Fonda to get fonder and fonder of the man—even though he isn't an Indian.

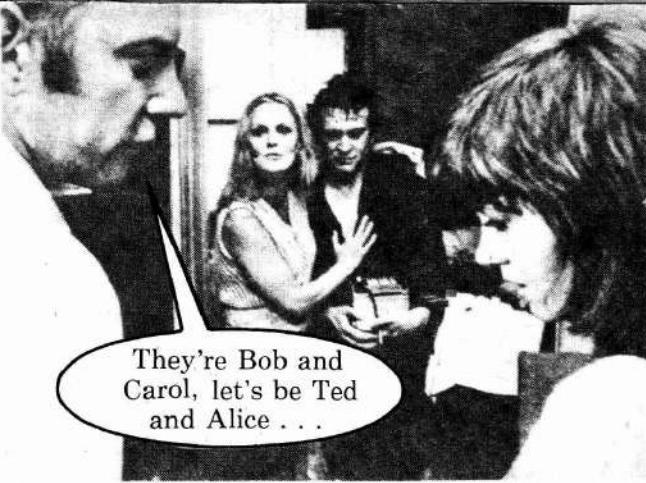
It seems that the missing man was one of Bree's former customers, only she doesn't remember him. However, this isn't strange since for the past year she has limited herself to the men listed in the Manhattan phone directory. Feeling that Grunemann, who has vanished without a trace, has met with some form of foul play, Klute grows suspicious of Bree's obscene phone caller. This guy keeps bugging the poor broad by calling her all the time and breathing heavily into the phone. What really bugs Bree is that his guy is a heavy garlic eater. Not only that, this obscene caller has the gall to reverse the charges!

Klute, who is short on clues, seeks the help of the New York police, who are too busy seeking the help of the New Jersey Police—to protect *them*—to bother with Donald. To make matters worse, Donald almost gets arrested by the Vice Squad when he asks the desk sergeant for some "fruit"—not realizing he's in a Greenwich Village Precinct. In sheer desperation Klute tries a couple of Swinging Singles' Bars, but only succeeds in getting a couple of singles to take a swing at him.

One night Bree reveals to Klute (among other things) that the guy he is looking for might be the weirdo who has sent her some pretty racy letters. Upon examining all

"Is this the face that launched a thousand ships?" — Jacqueline Onassis





that hot stuff, Klute makes a big decision. Namely, he'll publish it as a pornographic book and split the profits with Bree. He's even got a great title—"Son Of The Love Machine."

While all this is going on, Bree is trying to get out of the racket she's in and become an actress. To Bree it's her only chance to get back on her feet—a position she hasn't been in for years. However, since all the broads on Broadway are doing the nude bit, girls like Bree are a dame a dozen. She can't get a bit part for love or money. And don't think she doesn't try both.

Hung up about her failure to make it in show biz, Jane goes to a female psychiatrist—a kind of Friedan Freud. And so, once more we find Bree lying down on a couch—only this time, *she* pays. The lady doctor informs her that she's falling in love—which Bree hotly denies—as she doesn't dig this doctor at all. However, her analyst soon explains it's Klute that's cute. Jane doesn't



"Oh, yeah? Well, go fly a kite!"—Mrs. Benjamin Franklin



dig this idea either, as falling in love for free puts a serious dent in her income.

One evening, Klute and Bree return to her apartment and find the place in a shambles: floors torn, ceiling cracked, windows broken, toilet-bowl stuffed. At first, Klute thinks it's the work of a fiend or a degenerate, but Bree assures him that this is the usual condition of an apartment in Fun City. After slipping the landlord a *slight* increase of 150 percent on her rent her apartment is soon returned to ship-shape, or more appropriate—like a leaky submarine.

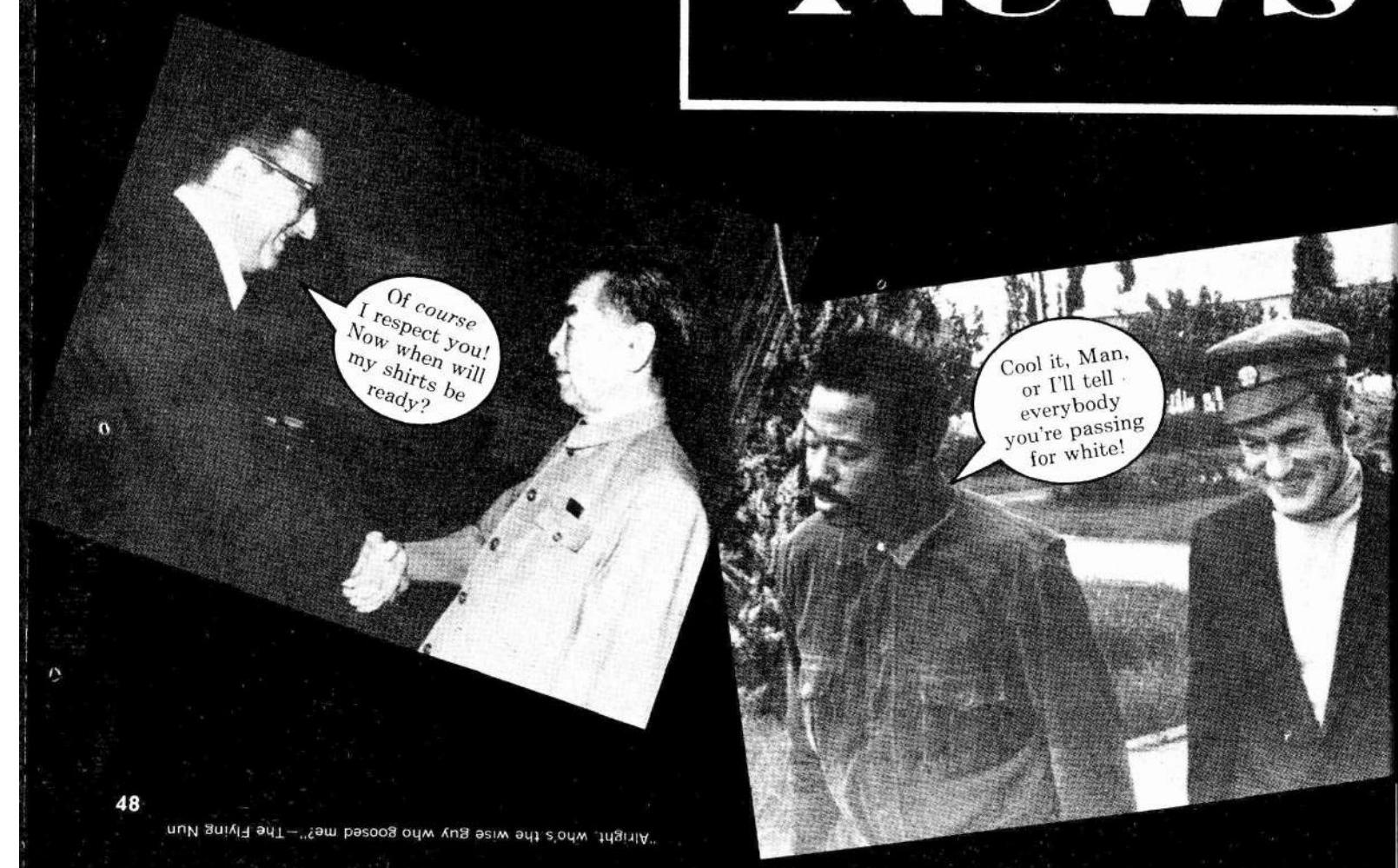
As things turn out, the obscene phone caller is revealed to be Tom Grunemann's murderer. Furthermore, he's the same guy who hired Klute in the first place, thinking the detective was too much of a klutz to even find King Kong in a telephone booth. And so, as a contingent of Women's Libbers hiss in the audience, Klute asks Bree to marry him and give up her "career." She agrees and they live happily ever after. Not on his cop's salary—but because Bree continues her profitable work "swinging" in the suburbs!

END



Alright  
already... take  
the pill!

# News





Knock it off, kid, I'm a married man!

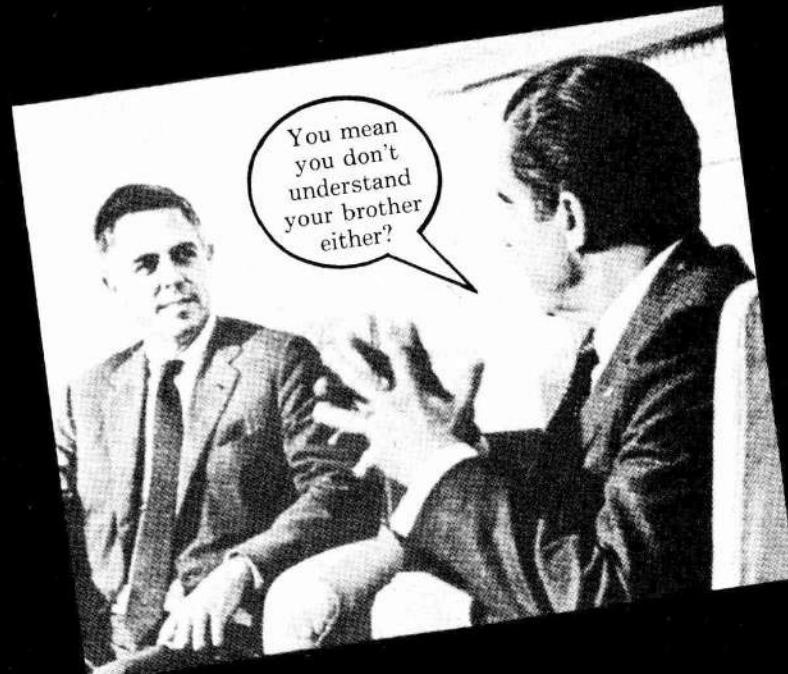


If you want,  
I can steal the  
Carson and Griffin  
papers...

# Briefs



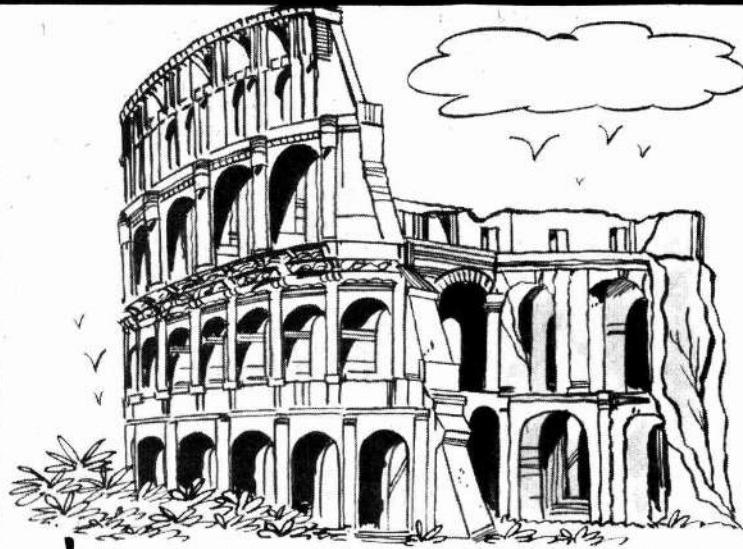
I'm against  
the U.S. Constitution  
on the grounds it's  
un-constitutional!



You mean  
you don't  
understand  
your brother  
either?

"From now on, no more theatre parties . . ." — Mrs. Abraham Lincoln

# SICK as it seems... by LANGTON.



**THE GREAT ROMAN EMPIRE  
WAS NOT REALLY IN ROME!!!  
NOR WAS IT AN EMPIRE...  
OR EVEN GREAT!**

...Actually, it was a small town in Sicily  
..that the Mafia was trying to promote  
as a tourist attraction!

"I can't help it. I'm just trigger happy!" - Roy Rogers



**ANGUS FERNDIP**

...of Racine, Wisconsin  
WAS TOLD BY 14 DOCTORS THAT  
HE ONLY HAD A YEAR TO LIVE...  
**AND HE DIED AT 102!**  
(THEY TOLD HIM WHEN HE WAS 10!)



Contrary to popular belief,...  
**QUASIMODO  
WAS NOT HUNCHBACKED!**

(His back was straight... it was the  
rest of his body that was deformed!)



**HIRAM P. GURNEY**

Salt Lake City, Utah

CROSSED A MINK  
WITH AN OCTOPUS!!

(...Years later he got a fur coat  
with 39 sleeves!)

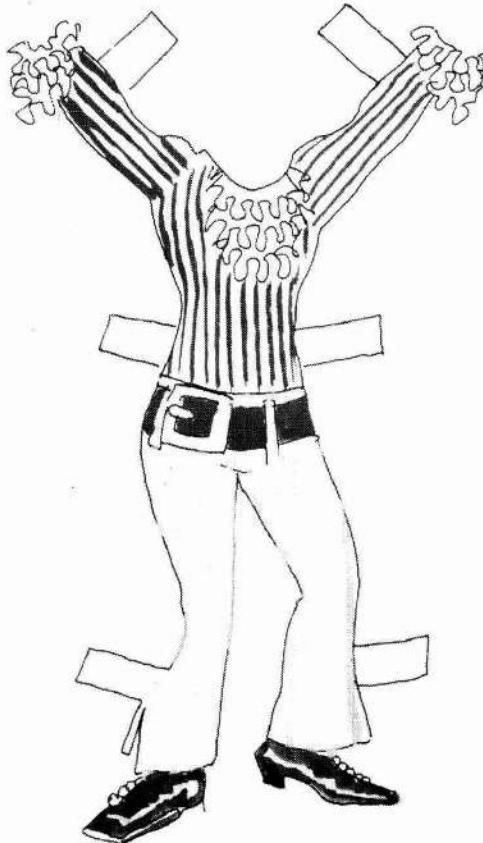
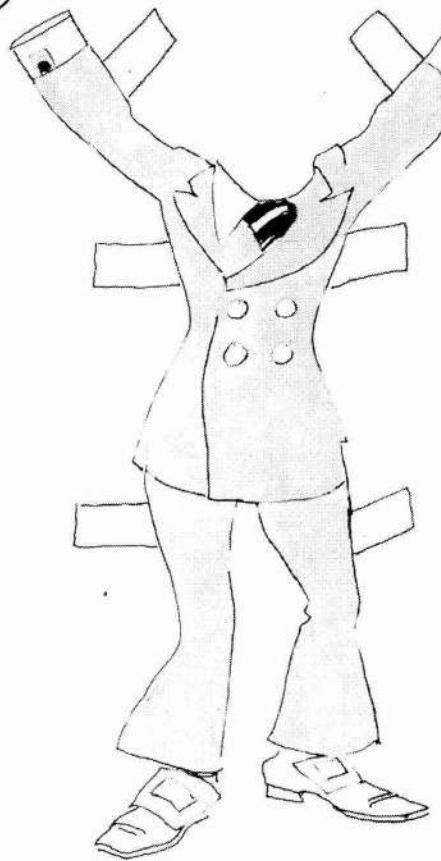
**VERNA SNODGRASS**

(An Upstate New York M.D.)  
WAS THE FIRST WOMAN DOCTOR  
TO COME FROM BUFFALO!  
(All the others came from normal parents!!!)

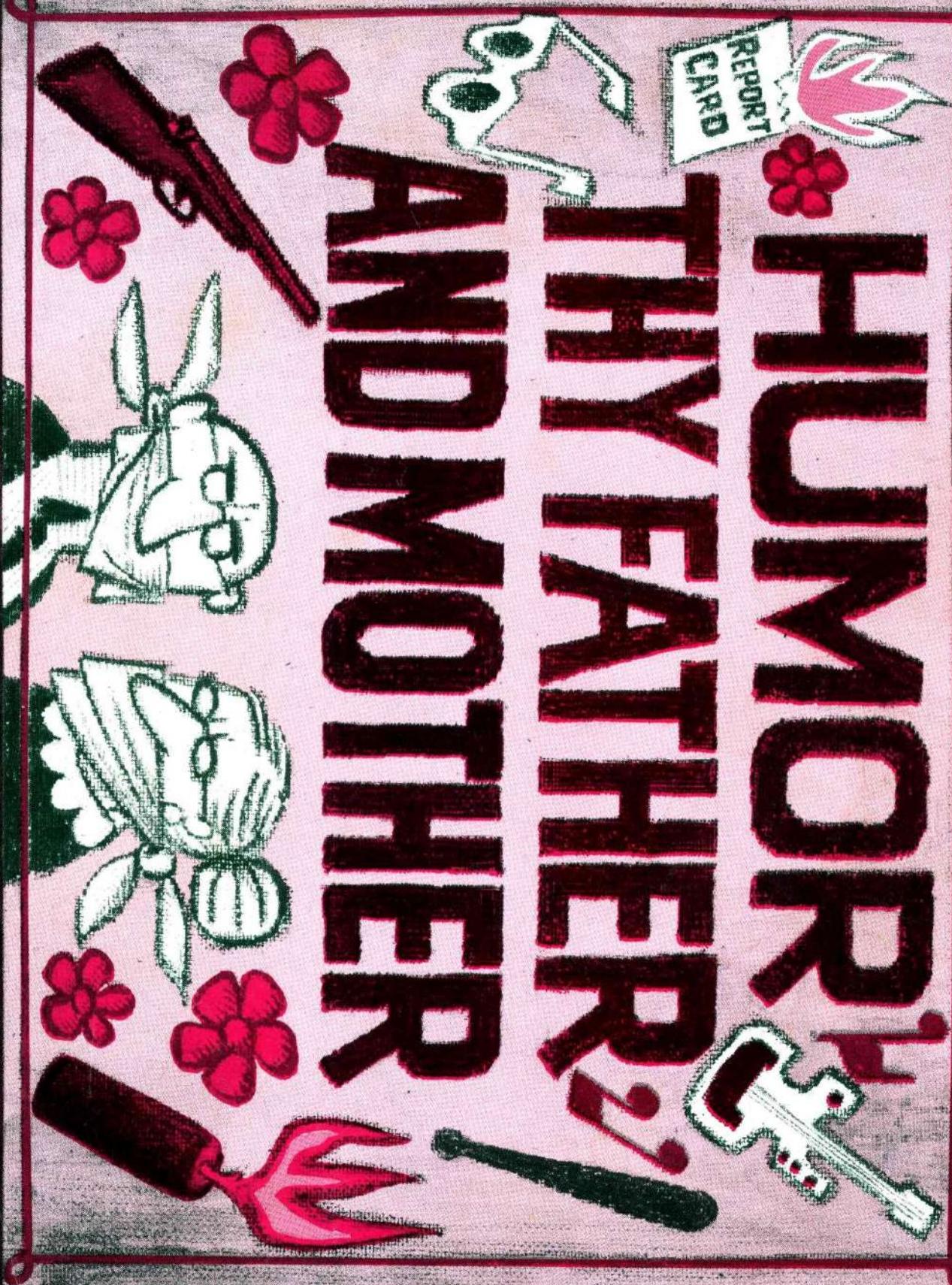
PAPER-DOLL CUTOUT:

# THE NEW NIXON

(as conceived by the old Jack Sparling)



# THE HOT MOTHER OF ALL KICKS



A SICK SAMPLER: